

# The Critic

NUMBER 172  
VOLUME 21

NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1893.

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# The Critic

Published Weekly at 743 Broadway, New York, by The Critic Co.

MARCH 18, 1893.

## Literature

### Carducci's Poems

*Poems of Giosuè Carducci. Translated by Frank Sewall. \$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.*

THE MARBLE FAUN untransformed is perhaps the truest type of the untransformed, essentially pagan Italy of to-day. Two thousand years of Christian chiselling and polishing have not altered the Praxitelean outlines, the dangerous beauty of the faunal god, the fascination of his voluptuous smile. The difficulty of extinguishing national character, of obliterating its antique fundamental lines, of veiling Isis so that she shall be absolutely invisible is perhaps more perceptible in Italian art than anywhere else, probably because the growth from ancient to modern has been there so continuous and uninterrupted. The attitude of Julian is the recurrent attitude of Italian thought: it is an "apostate" from time to time from its crude creeds and sudden conversions. The Renaissance was one vast outbreak of æsthetic paganism, flowering in the seams and wrinkles where Asceticism had left no smiles: fifteen hundred years of popes had made pagans of the popes themselves! At the moment when the tenth Leo was erecting the most sublime of Christian fanes, the most distinct worship of Graces and Muses, of Satyr and Eros, of Pan and Parnassian deities was going on in the adjoining Vatican, in Christian monasteries where painter-monks were evoking delightful angel-amoretti on their canvases, beside the gorgeous waters of Titian's Venice and in the auroral glow of Raphael's ceilings. Even great Dante was a passenger of glory through a lost Paradise under the guidance of Vergil, and Boccaccio laughed musically in the Neo-pagan dialect of his time.

When a poet like Giosuè Carducci, therefore, rises apparently phenomenon-like in Italian literature in the very latest generation, a little study will show him to be not a sporadic but a recurrent phenomenon, not an isolated but an endemic apparition, not a solitary egotist but a sign-post pointing vividly to what has always been the case in Italy, its essential, ineradicable paganism, its unconverted Hellenism, its living resistance to the Christianity superimposed upon it. The faun cannot be converted into the saint, the vestal virgin into the Virgin Mary, the *pontifex maximus* into the Roman Pontiff. Carducci, the most popular of contemporary Italian poets, the favorite of the court, the beloved of students, shows this in the ten or twenty volumes of his beautiful lamentations after lost Lydius and Lalage, his Pindaric scepticism, his Apolline infidelity. The intermittent sleep of Epimenides, the apparent slumber of Aphrodite and Priapus are broken into rude waves of golden pagan rhythms in Carducci's "Odi Barbare": through the "Nuove Poesie" flashes the shimmer of a siren's hair; Alcinous's bright palaces glow beneath the architecture of his "Gothic Cathedrals," the shout of a triumphal hymn flings its Bacchic *Io* through the echoing chambers of his Corpus Christi poem. The smile of the faun is at once satiric and satyrical: a beautiful animalism lingers on his contemplative lips: the tell-tale ears have not been chiselled into the exquisite shells wherein a human spirit gathers all the glad harmonies of the world, and a delicious sensuousness like that in the lines of Bembo, in the strophes of Polizian, in the Tales of Boccaccio, in the lurking corners of Correggio's paintings, suffuses the features.

Mr. Sewall, in his efforts to reproduce the harmonious strophes of Carducci, has adopted mostly an unrhymed stanza of varying complexion, occasionally succeeded by a happily executed specimen of rhyme, as in the famous sonnet to "The Ox." His translations are extremely smooth and quite musical, but we are at a loss to know why in English he retains inconsistently the Italian spellings of such words

as "Lidia," "Glicera," "Anadiomene," etc. (for "Lydia"), while he prints "Phœbus Apollo," "Homer," "Virgil," etc. His introductory essays on "Carducci and the Classic Realism" and "Carducci and the Hellenic Reaction in Italy" are very thoughtful and scholarly, but appear to leave unnoticed the influence of Heine and Goethe on Carducci. The Hellenic recrudescence (of which he speaks) in Carducci is of that mixed kind derived from national inheritance, indeed, but combined with the pungent stimulus exercised by these incomparable masters of form on a nature plastic and impressionable to a degree. As a specimen of Mr. Sewall's powers of translation the following may be given:—

#### THE OX

*T' amo, pio bove*

"I love thee, pious ox; a gentle feeling  
Of vigor and of peace thou giv'st my heart.  
How solemn, like a monument, thou art!  
Over wide fertile fields thy calm gaze stealing,  
Unto the yoke with grave contentment kneeling,  
To man's quick work thou dost thy strength impart.  
He shouts and goads, and answering thy smart,  
Thou turn'st on him thy patient eyes appealing.

From thy broad nostrils, black and wet, arise  
Thy breath's soft fumes; and on the still air swells,  
Like happy hymn, thy lowing's mellow strain.  
In the grave sweetness of thy tranquil eyes  
Of emerald, broad and still reflected dwells  
All the divine green silence of the plain."

#### Brooke's "Early English Literature"

*The History of Early English Literature: Being the History of English Poetry from its beginnings to the Accession of King Alfred. By Stopford A. Brooke. Vol. 1. \$2.50. Macmillan & Co.*

THE AUTHOR of this remarkable volume, already popular from his delightful "Primer of English Literature"—a book which Matthew Arnold said he read through at least once every year—very appropriately places upon his title-page this quotation from Isaiah:—

"Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn,  
And to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged."

The "rock" whence the flowing waters of English literature have poured with ever-increasing volume, sparkle and music has from the start maintained its individuality as tenaciously as that from which Greek or Vedic or Hebrew literature flowed in their artistic or fantastic or prophetic streams. No one knows this better than the author of this "History of Early English Literature," saturated as he is with this as with many other diversified literatures, himself a prose-poet of no mean calibre, master of a style of unrivalled clearness and color and possessed of a power of combination which enables him to bring together many items of scattered or remote knowledge and weave from them a brilliant, concentrated picture of an almost prehistoric period of English culture. Never before indeed have the beginnings of literary life in England been depicted with such visual distinctness, such power of realization, such tangibility and completeness. We had the rude, almost brutal sketch, of Taine with its caricature of our ancestors, the scholarly but lifeless volumes of Ten Brink with their superfluity of theory, the compendious narratives of Warton and Morley and Sweet and Turner and Lappenberg, with all the *disjecta membra* scattered through the essays of Kemble and Thorpe and Kluge, and the untiring Germans; but nobody before had the knowledge combined with style, the imagination combined with learning, the eloquence mingled with insight displayed in this first of the two volumes promised us by Mr. Brooke, and none had the real love of the subject together with accomplished mastery over it revealed by even a hasty perusal of his pages. Let the so-called "critics" say what they will about this book—and they say much that

is carping and unkind—this "History of Early English Literature" is as far above all previously written histories in the true rendition of Anglo-Saxon thought and landscape, in the genuine vitalizing of the dead Anglo-Saxon past, and in the far-reaching and poetic interpretation of Anglo-Saxon characteristics, as Green's "Short History of the English People" (on which it is apparently modelled) is above the common half-illiterate, perfunctory performances that had passed for "English history" before the publication of that masterpiece.

In fact, one cannot help thinking that the intimacy between the two friends (for we believe that Green was the son-in-law of Mr. Brooke) reacted upon each to their mutual benefit and created in both a sense that neither English history nor English literature had been properly written before. Compare Mr. Brooke's "History" with the other volumes of the series of which it forms a part, admirable as those volumes are, and note how far it excels either Saintsbury or Gosse (Prof. Dowden's volume is not yet out) in grasp of its subject, in beauty and symmetry of treatment, in vigor and vividness of language, and in power of artistic presentation, true criticism and generalization. Erroneous as its details may be here and there, "antiquated" as its knowledge may appear to the ordinary pedagogue or pedant burnished silver-bright from his contact with the so-called "discoveries" found in German periodicals, venturesome as its theories of Beowulf or of the origin of Cynewulf's poems may be, the true lover of English poetry willingly overlooks slight slips or slightly old-fashioned knowledge in view of the loving and masterful treatment of the subject as a whole, the author's comprehensive study of the Anglo-Saxon poems themselves, at first hand, and his intelligent and brilliantly focalized grouping of scattered facts into a truthful and lively picture of early Northumbria, of monastic life in Britain, of Caedmon and the Celtic saints, of old English sea-life and wicking warfare, and of pagan kings and converted aldermen. The trochaic line with a beat at the end of each half-line, into which Mr. Brooke often felicitously throws the innumerable passages which he translates as specimens, may not reproduce the Anglo-Saxon alliterative rhythms as harmoniously as Prof. Hall's or as musically as Prof. Sims's or Miss Hickey's lines, yet it is far superior to Grein's German translation, or Garnett's singular version, or the rude prose of Earle's "Deeds of Beowulf," or the tripping metres of a certain English colonel. Mr. Brooke's prose translations are also generally admirable, and we could have wished that he had confined himself to a form of which he is altogether a master—rhythmic prose.

The book begins with two of the oldest Anglo-Saxon poems, "Widsith" and "Déor," with their relation to the work of the wandering rhapsode or *scop* who repeated them from court to court. Four masterly chapters then follow, taking up the poem, the story, the episodes and the mythic elements in Beowulf. It is unfortunate that Mr. Brooke does not carry his investigations into these and kindred topics further than as outlined in Wülker's "Grundriss" (incorrectly quoted, p. 280, and incorrectly accented in the Preface). This book—an encyclopædia of articles and essays on Anglo-Saxon poetry, in all its aspects—was published in 1885, and, consequently, Mr. Brooke's chapters do not present the latest results by nearly eight years. Four or five excellent chapters follow these, treating of "The Conquest and Literature," "Armour and War in Literature," "The Settlement in Poetry," "The Sea"—one of the most graphic and subtle characterizations of Old English sea-life and joy in the sea—and numerous topics peculiar to Anglo-Saxon psychology and verse.

Soon the pagan period passed away, and the author discusses on broad lines "Christianity and Literature," "Monasticism and Literature," "Literature in Northumbria," the Caedmon poems as the first-fruits of the new Christian culture, and the signed and unsigned poems of Cynewulf. The minor poems and fragments, the "Judith" (the American edition of which is wrongly assigned to Prof. Kent in the Index), the "Dream of the Road," the battle-poems and

elegies, and the Riddles of the Exeter Book come in for an abundant share of critical and æsthetic estimate. Of Beowulf his rather uncritical conclusion is that "however many ballads and lays may have been used by the writer, the poem was composed as a whole, with one aim, by one poet" (p. 58). This of course will be sufficient to set all the critical Lachmanns and Müllenhoffs (whose name the author misspells) to barking, and others will carp at inaccuracies in the Latin (note, p. 11), in the division of Anglo-Saxon words (pp. 199, 257), "her's" (p. 169), *Island* (p. 286), and the like. American scholarship receives occasional faint praise from the author, as in his amiable references to the works of Profs. Cook and Kent. The distinct and wonderful charm of the book, however, is apart from all this, and is quite unique in its kind. The book is predestined to rank as one of those classics which Lowell so felicitously described as incapable of growing old, books of an asbestos quality, quite immortal in their power of resisting fire and decay. The second volume of the two promised will be eagerly awaited and delightedly read.

#### "The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland"

*The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland.* By J. Theodore Bent. 6s. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE EARTH'S CRUST has been undergoing all sorts of examinations during the last century. Geology has been created and put to use, archaeology has become a science, and yet there is much to find, correlate and classify. Even in South Africa we find that there are ruins to be studied, and possibly material for new generalizations that may affect the story of man in that continent.

Mr. J. Theodore Bent, an Englishman who has given us a captivating study of life among the Greek Islands, has made numerous journeys in that part of Africa lying between the seventeenth and twenty-second degrees of south latitude. Here he has found wonderful masonry, walls, towers, fortifications and sites of many ruined cities. The black natives of to-day encamp among these ruins, or live over or around them with much the same ignorance and indifference as that with which the fellaheen of Egypt treat the remains of Egyptian antiquity. This explorer and archaeologist, with funds furnished by British and South African scientific companies, made his journeys of inspection during the year 1891. He records that in all his travels, despite the fact that he had his wife, white and black men, oxen, wagons and tinned provisions, no root of bitterness sprang up. He spent the year in examining the ruins in Matabele, Mashona and Manica Land, from the Shooshong to the Pungwe River. Most of the work is taken up with accounts of the author's impressions of the country and people, with incidents of camp life and work. He made surveys of the ruins, measured the temples and gathered together whatever relics of plastic art or of the emblems of religion and implements of offence he could find. It cannot be said that the results are very brilliant, and yet it is remarkable that such ruins should be found in this part of Africa. The evidences show that at one time there was a vast population, with an undoubtedly higher civilization than that anywhere known among the African people in this southern portion of the Dark Continent. The author has made himself familiar with the writings of the early Portuguese and missionaries, who, three centuries ago, described the ruins, but who seem to have been no more able than the men of to-day to explain exactly who built these edifices or lived in them. It is also shown that the Dutch Boers were everlastingly getting up *treks*, with a view to reach this El Dorado, of which rumors came to them from time to time. A vague mystery about King Solomon's mines existing there and the palace of the Queen of Sheba whetted their appetites when they heard these rumors; but nothing was definitely done until a German traveller wrote a minute account of them. The speculative German unfortunately ventured on a theory of their origin which promptly discredited his discoveries. He maintained that the fortress on the hill, in one place, was a copy of King

Solomon's temple on Mount Moriah, and that the lower ruins were a copy of the palace which the Queen of Sheba inhabited during her stay of several years in Jerusalem. Even the trees, he insisted, were almag trees. He failed to attract further attention from Europeans, and for this reason the ruins lay unexplored or unvisited for twenty years. They were utilized only in the wild imagination of Rider Haggard, who derived the material for his amazing romance from the book of the German and the stories among the Boers. It is very probable that a more thorough exploration of these ruins and the proper study of ancient authors will bring many facts of interest to light, and probably open a new window in the vast edifice of history. Evidently the grade of civilization was not high, while the cultus of the worshippers seems to have centred in the phallus. The value of the present book lies in the fact that the author is a cool and level-headed man, who does not wish to exaggerate the importance of his discoveries, and who strives to tell only the simple truth. Until, however, means are discovered for the extirpation of the tsetse-fly, it is not likely that the field of British influence will be notably extended in Mashonaland, or further expeditions on a large scale made in this direction. There are valuable scientific appendices and a good index, and the book is handsomely bound, printed and illustrated.

#### Balzac's Novels

1. *The Chouans*. Brittany in 1799. 2. *Lost Illusions: The Two Poets. Eve and David*. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. \$1.50 each. Roberts Bros.

THE SOUL OF BALZAC as embalmed in the twenty-four volumes of Miss Wormeley's translation reveals itself as a very remarkable one. French to the core, it yet possesses something of the universal, something that makes foreigners, un-French and even unsympathetic, read him with avidity, translate him, half apotheosize him, place him in a little shrine by himself far within the *penetralia* where only *penates* and household gods are wont to dwell. The critics long ago cried out against Balzac's "newspaper" style, his murder of the French tongue, the ferocity of his phrases, the un-grammar of his powerful sentences. This outburst to expression of a soul in ebullition discomfited the criticism of fifty years ago and made it exclaim against the "inelegancies" of Balzac almost as loudly as the smooth Boileauists exclaimed against the beautiful romanticism of "Hernani." French taste had been for centuries accustomed to the clipped hedges and formal arcades of Versailles and Fontainebleau: the fit of the classic buskin was so neat, so perfect, to the logical, lustrous, rectilinear French mind that the clang of Hugo's grand bronze sandals, not to say the clatter of Balzac's mighty *sabots* seemed altogether perturbing and plebeian to the mind of that day. Ultimately, however, it was found that other *chaussure* than that of the tragic Alexandrine writers slipped supplely over French thought; other styles than those of Jean-Jacques, Châteaubriand, and St. Pierre in prose were capable of developing out of the many-sided French genius: Montaigne and Pascal had already displayed exquisite classicism in fields as remote as arctics and tropics; and Hugo and Balzac each lived to see temples and altars erected to their deified sprites.

"The Chouans" (1) was one of the first of Balzac's novels to attract attention. Viewed in the light of his later work it is a very poor performance, crude beyond description, sanguinary up to the verge of the intolerable, exaggerated and rhetorical in style and catastrophe. It belongs to the military series of the "Comedy of Human Life," and Miss Wormeley has well placed it among the last on her list, as one of the least attractive of the set. The Chouan, or Royalist, rebellion in Brittany in 1799 was an interesting phase of the Revolution, and Balzac has powerfully if painfully depicted the loyalty and fanaticism of the French Celts. To them Napoleon and the Republic were nothing, the King and the priest were everything; and it is in this framework that Balzac has set his novel and delineated the frightful scenes of bloodshed, treachery and vice characteristic of the period.

Turning from these to the idyllic and pathetic pages of "Lost Illusions" (2) is like turning from a grinning tragic mask to the beautiful lowered head of a stooping caryatid. Wonderful felicity does Balzac possess in describing rural French landscape traversed by brimming rivers, jewelled and starred here and there by antique towns, set thickly with even more antique people, and full of the poetry of provincialism. Here, in Angoulême, "Lost Illusions" unfolds its vivid pages, in the time of the good year 1822, when the Bourbon Restoration was well under way and royalty seemed reestablished forever. From this quaint surrounding Balzac plucks a drama of graphic situations, tender loves and sublime hates, trimming it with all that extraordinary *rococo* embroidery of which he possessed whole museums. Finer characters than the David and Eve of this book he has never conceived; a character more fickle brilliant, more Frenchy, more *insouciant* in its airy criminality than Lucien's it would be difficult even in Balzac's vast picture-galleries to find. That plague-spot of the French social system, the married flirt, is there in all her flounces, and her correlative the *cavaliere servente* is there too as her complement. Surrounding these is an interesting assembly of provincial nobility, mammas with marriageable daughters, pettifoggers, intriguers, misers, ecclesiastics, "newly-rich" and immemorably poor: a tableau living, crowded, moving, breathing, all more or less entangled in the meshes of an ingenious plot. How they disentangle themselves it would be unfair to reveal. Once the book is begun, it must be finished; and the fluent translation helps the reader lightly over all the difficulties. Neither book is *virginibus puerisque*.

In "The Chouans" (p. 91) we notice *transpot*, and (p. 255) *Thermes* for *Hermes*. "Lost Illusions" reproduces the curious (Scotch) preterite *pled* (p. 216) for *pleaded*.

#### "The Unseen Foundations of Society"

By the Duke of Argyll. \$5. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL is one of those who believe that there are grave faults in the work of the older English economists, and that much of it must be done over again. He does not, however, like some of the less judicious writers on the subject, attribute those faults to the methods pursued; on the contrary he holds that the methods of the English school have always been right, and that the defects in their work have arisen from an imperfect application of those methods. He points out the mistake of those critics who condemn the writers of the older school for being too abstract, and reminds them that abstraction is the necessary method of all the sciences, to which economics can be no exception. He shows, too, that the historical method, if it is to draw from history any useful lessons, must employ abstraction continually. On the other hand he sees clearly the absurdities of Jevons's "mathematical method," and exposes them in an almost contemptuous manner. He points out, what is undoubtedly true, that the mistakes of the older writers were due to neglected elements, or in other words, to the fact that they overlooked some of the premises that were essential to their purposes, with the inevitable result that their conclusions are sometimes unsound. His object in writing this book is to supply some of those neglected elements.

In our opinion his Grace exaggerates the positive mistakes of the older writers, though such mistakes were undoubtedly made by them; but his adherence to their methods makes his work far more valuable than those of some of their critics who belong to other schools. The main stress of his work is laid upon the truth that the first and most indispensable condition of all industry is security of possession, which can only be furnished by strong and well-organized government. Hence we may see the vital importance of a good system of jurisprudence and of statesmanship and military skill, these being the unseen foundations on which society rests. This truth he illustrates by many interesting historical examples; but it seems to us that he exaggerates the neglect of it by other writers, for, if we mistake not, they have all recognized it,

though some of them may not have fully realized its importance. The Duke's criticism, however, is not confined to this one point, but embraces several other doctrines of the older writers, especially the Ricardian theory of rent, his discussion of which seems to us the most valuable thing in his book. He recognizes the central truth of Ricardo's theory, but deems that truth of much less importance than its advocates have supposed; and he certainly shows that there is a fallacy in their reasoning, owing to the use of the word *determine* in two different senses.

As for his own contributions to the science, though we do not think they will cause a revolution of opinion, there are elements in them of unquestionable value. The importance of security has never been so strongly emphasized nor so well illustrated before, and he shows with equal clearness the importance of mind as the conceiving and directing agency in all industrial work. Yet neither of those ideas is new to economic science. There are also some minor points in his discussion that are worthy of attention; but on the other hand there are some defects, his definition of wealth being one of them. He defines wealth as "the possession in comparative abundance of things which are objects of human desire, not obtainable without some sacrifice or some exertion, and which are accessible to men able as well as anxious to acquire them." Now, besides that it is long and complicated, this definition is faulty in more than one respect. The Duke lays special stress on possession as the most essential element in wealth; yet, if he means rightful possession, we conceive that it is not an essential element at all, though it is undoubtedly essential to industrial prosperity. His Grace seems to confound the economic idea of wealth with the moral and legal idea of property. Moreover, what has the comparative abundance of wealth to do with its nature? An inch of length is just as truly length as a million miles; and so one cent is as truly wealth as a million dollars, the nature of wealth depending on its qualities and not on its quantity. But, while some of the views expressed in this book are not likely to win acceptance, it is both interesting and valuable, and is a worthy fruit of the autumn of a long and useful life.

#### "The Americans in Arctic Seas"

*In Arctic Seas.* By R. N. Keely and G. G. Davis. \$3.50. Philadelphia: Rufus C. Hartman.

DRESSED in the garments of winter, all pure white and gold, with the stamp of iceberg and the silvery waves of an open sea, is this handsome volume, which tells of the voyage of the *Kite* with the Peary expedition. Lieut. Peary, a stalwart and handsome young American naval officer, believed that Greenland could be crossed—and he crossed it. In many respects this journey was the most wonderful of all voyages of discovery in modern times, being neither on land nor on sea, but on ice as pathless as the ocean, and as crowded with formidable obstacles as is the heart of Africa. It was made by two men comparatively unused to Arctic travel, and amid discouraging circumstances. All Greenland beyond the rocky fringe along the coast is coated with a mass of ice, the deposit of thousands of years of snow-storms, which has solidified and covered the whole country in some cases to the depth of thousands of feet. It is, in one sense, like a great baker's sponge that lies in its rocky dish and continually overflows, like the dough which has too much leaven in it. The glaciers which slip off into the ocean, from the bays and rents in the coast, are like the overflowing and dropped masses of dough. This great ice sheet is by no means level, and travel across it in summer is apt to be interrupted by tremendous snow-storms. Nevertheless Lieut. Peary crossed, and was met on the other side by the *Kite*, a trim steamer well-equipped, which made the voyage from Philadelphia up among the floebergs and icebergs, and after securing the intrepid explorer steamed leisurely back, visiting certain ports, and arriving safely in Philadelphia again. The expedition was carried out with characteristic American hardihood, level-headedness and economy, the total expenses not exceeding \$25,000.

The handsome book gives a full account of the voyage of the *Kite*, and has been written by R. N. Keely, Jr., M.D., surgeon to the expedition, and G. G. Davis, M.D., member of the Archaeological Association of the University of Pennsylvania. The whole affair was a superb piece of Philadelphia enterprise. Only one man was lost or left behind, Mr. John M. Verhoeff, who may yet turn up. The book is handsomely printed on laid paper, its illustrations are numerous and well-done, it teems with incident, is spiced with fun, and is a delightfully readable account of one of the most successful of modern scientific expeditions. At the end is a well-written summary of Polar exploration. This is just the book for pleasant winter evenings under the lamp; or for those too busy to read it now it will be suggestively cool for summer days.

#### "A Paradise of English Poetry"

Arranged by H. C. Beeching. 2 vols. \$6. Macmillan & Co.

EXCELLENT TASTE and discrimination on the part of the editor are shown in the selections he has made for this anthology of English Poetry. Planned upon a larger and more comprehensive scale than previous works of the same kind, it comes nearest to fulfilling the requirements of giving the best things in verse by English poets in a compact and convenient form. It differs from many others of its kind in the matter of arrangement, which is not chronological, but according to topics. In this way the collection is subdivided into a number of classes—Love, Home Affections, Friendship, Man, Patriotism, Art, Romance, Nature, Death and Religion. Under these various headings are to be found many poems, entire or in part, representing a hundred or more poets. As is explained in the preface, the title is to be interpreted not only in its proper sense of an inclosed garden, but more particularly of a garden of the dead," no poems by living authors being admitted. "Again, none are admitted which are still copyright," so that we find nothing here from either of the two great poets so recently gone from us.

The editor has been very successful in those cases where it was necessary to scissor a long poem. He proves himself a skilful gardener in this paradise of poetic flowers, and in culling the buds and blossoms his judgment is invariably correct. These volumes are well equipped with notes, with an index of writers, together with the dates of birth and death, and with an index of first lines; but it seems a pity that another index, giving the titles so far as it was possible, should not have been included. The paper, binding and printing are good, although the type is somewhat small, and there are several instances of typographical errors, dropt letters, misspelled words, etc., but these are not enough to detract greatly from the value of the anthology. To the great number of readers of poetry who have not time enough to take up the English poets, one by one, this work is to be heartily commended. So far as we know, it is unrivalled in its own field.

#### Historical and Political Essays

By Henry Cabot Lodge. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE, who has taken his seat this month as a United States Senator from Massachusetts, is often held up as an example of the scholar in politics, though the merely "practical" politician might sit at his feet to study the intricacies of caucus rule. As author of the volumes on Daniel Webster, Alexander Hamilton and Gen. Washington in the American Statesmen Series, he is widely and favorably known outside of the circles in which his political career has made his name familiar. He is less favorably known as a compiler of a hasty and inadequate "History of the American Colonies." The neat volume, from the Riverside Press, which now comes to us, very appropriately dedicated to Francis Parkman, is a sheaf of his essays reprinted from various periodicals. They deal in a pleasant literary and critical style with William H. Seward, James Madison



and Gouverneur Morris. Besides these three studies in biography, there are two excellent and valuable discussions of parliamentary government—one on minorities and the other on obstruction. Mr. Lodge is opposed to the idea of having Cabinet officers or representatives of the Executive on the floor of Congress. He insists that if we permit this innovation to be imported from England we must abandon the American system of three coördinate and distinct departments. We shall then place in the hands of Congress, in addition to the legislative power, the executive power also, to be exercised by select committee or ministry. As the American people rejected the idea at the outset, they probably do not believe in it now. A chapter of general interest is that which was printed some months ago in *The Century*, and which has been widely discussed and locally criticised—"The Distribution of Ability in the United States." This essay is founded upon a study of "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography." The critics who have tried most intensely to invalidate Mr. Lodge's figures and generalizations are those who believe that the Irish have influenced our country far more than the generally accepted facts and figures allow. In close touch with great problems now in course of solution is the essay on "Why Patronage in Office is Un-American," the title of which explains itself.

We heartily welcome works like this, which are the result of that union of scholarly and practical life, of which England gives us many shining examples, but of which in America we are as yet in no danger of having too many.

#### Recent Fiction

"THE NEW EDEN," by C. J. C. Hyne, is the history of an experiment tried upon two savages by an English scientist who places these creatures on an island owned by himself and surrounds them with certain things which he thinks will be conducive to their happiness. The exact nature of this experiment and the real purpose to be achieved in carrying it out are not very clearly defined; but the idea in the main seems to be that the Englishman thinks he himself would have been happier and life would have been a more satisfactory thing to him if he had spent his time as these savages did instead of whiling it away among civilized people, notwithstanding the fact that his agent reports deep furrows on the foreheads of this modern Adam and Eve, telling of much trouble that he knows nothing about. The book is purposeless and intensely stupid. (\$1. Longmans, Green & Co.)—ELIZA CHESTER'S book, "The Unmarried Woman," consists of an endless string of commonplaces which the world ought already to be well acquainted with if it is not, and the repetition of which is only calculated to entail absolute fatigue. Her conclusion is that all women should marry to avoid two dangers—a feverish longing to accomplish some definite work which shall establish their right to live in the world, and a lassitude and hopelessness which makes them feel that they can do nothing of the slightest importance to any human being. What becomes of those to whom neither of these ideas apply she does not say. (\$1. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION of Alfred de Musset's "The Confession of a Child of the Century" does not seem so out of place as one might suppose this late in the day. The century is not quite over, nor has it lost the characteristics which made de Musset's confession a part of the lives of many of his readers. One might very well hear the same views expressed now, and expect the same results from the same situations. We still live in the midst of every century except our own—a thing which has never been seen at any other epoch: eclecticism is our taste; we take everything we find—this for beauty, that for utility, the other for antiquity, such another for its ugliness even—so that we live surrounded by debris as though the end of the world were at hand. Our minds are in very much the same state, and we might easily emulate de Musset's frankness in this respect. He knew, he says, a great many things, but nothing in order, so that his head was like a sponge, swollen but empty. He fell in love with all the poets one after the other, but the last always disgusted him with the rest. He had made himself a great warehouse of ruins, and he naturally became a ruin in the process. His style is perfect, and the book will always have a certain charm; but the translation is so poor that it will be difficult for anyone, reading it only in this form, to estimate it properly. (\$1.25. Charles H. Sergel & Co.)

"MARIANELA," translated from the Spanish of Perez Galdos, is one of the series of tales from foreign lands which includes "Mem-

ories," "Graziella," etc. Republished in this form it is a most attractive little story, simple, pure and human in all of its details. Marianela, or Nela as she is called for short, is a dwarf and has been treated from her birth as if she were a mere pebble which has not even a form of its own save that given it by the waters which carry it along. She has never been told that she carries within herself the germ of delicate and noble sentiments, and that these tiny buds might become luxuriant flowers without more cultivation than a kindly glance now and then. Never has she been told that she has a right, through Nature's rigor at her birth, to certain attentions from which the robust, those who have parents and a home of their own, may be exempt, but which belong to the invalid, the poor, the orphan, the disinherited. Her sole occupation is to serve as guide for a young man who has been blind from his birth, and who only lives and sees anything through her eyes. Naturally they love each other—he without any knowledge of her appearance, and believing her to be as beautiful as she is good. His sight is given him through a successful operation performed by an eminent surgeon, and he is brought from the world of illusions into the sphere of reality. The result of this so far as Nela is concerned may be inferred from the distress of the surgeon at having brought about the implacable reality which has interposed between these two human beings. (\$1. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"THE MONK and the Hangman's Daughter" purports to be founded on an old manuscript originally belonging to a Franciscan Monastery in Bavaria. The manuscript was obtained from a peasant by Herr Richard Voss of Heidelberg; from whose German version this is an adaptation by Ambrose Bierce and Adolph Danziger. It is a powerful story, interesting and admirably constructed, drawing a vivid picture of the effect upon human thought and human action of the ignorance and superstition in which the inhabitants of Germany were steeped in the seventeenth century. The hangman's daughter, who is everything in the world that she should be, is an outcast and is treated with the utmost scorn by everyone because of her father's calling. Her mother was denied the offices of a priest on her death-bed, and was buried in unconsecrated ground, and the child has the same fate ahead of her. A young Franciscan monk, going through with his novitiate in the monastery near by, has his sympathies tremendously aroused by this poor girl and befriends her on all occasions, thereby incurring the severest penances of his order. The step from pity to love is a short one, and it takes the embryo priest some time before he is himself aware of it. His profound ignorance of human nature and especially of the workings of his own heart and the desperate resolve to which his unconscious jealousy leads him form an original and a highly interesting psychological experiment. (\$1. F. J. Schulte & Co.)

"BROKEN CHORDS" is a curious story, the central figure of which is supposed to be a young clergyman who delivers his initiatory sermon to the village of Dundaff, seated *en masse* before him, listening with an aspect of stolid disapproval. Dundaff had formed an ideal for its new pastor, half-unconsciously, and although the conception which possessed it was neither romantic nor consistent, the fact was no less indisputable that Ledyard did not fill the ideal. He lived down this unfavorable impression later on, and was very happy in his marriage with an attractive young woman. The reader's interest in the story, however, centres itself in the psychological problem offered by Ledyard's sister-in-law and her sweetheart. This girl thought once of becoming a nun, entered a convent and took the vows. Afterwards she was forced to leave, but, though she broke the vows in form, she was determined to keep them in spirit, and when the man she loved proposed to her she refused him on this ground. The story says they parted as lovers, each knowing that the other would love on to the end, but met again day in and day out through their lives as friends that prized their friendship as the dearest thing in life. The situation is strained until it is ludicrous, and it is safe to say that no man—or woman, either—would have been satisfied with it longer than a week. The story is written by Mrs. George McClellan. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL" is the story of a Jewish family—father, mother and one daughter—whose relations are somewhat unusual in that the father has had sole care of his daughter—of her mental, moral and physical training—up to her twenty-first birthday, and then delivers her over to her mother. He is a man of liberal mind, who has the pleasantest possible associations with Christians on the ground that every man of whatever sect will recognize and honor fine qualities in any other man. The girl is in perfect sympathy with her father upon this point as upon all others, and the relations existing between them are beautiful in the extreme. "Those who trust us educate us" has been the motto

he has instilled into her always, appreciating fully the fact that the most perfect friendship in the world is that existing between a father and his daughter when they truly love and trust each other. At his request she is married at his bedside a few hours before his death to a man that he has selected for her, and the result proves her confidence was not misplaced even here. The story is unusual and most uncommonly sweet and attractive. It is written by Emma Wolf. (\$1.25. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

CONAN DOYLE'S last story, "The Great Shadow," is told in the first person by a young fellow who settles himself in Scotland at the time the beacon fires are laid all along the coast ready to be lighted in case the much dreaded invasion of England by Napoleon should take place. The fortunes of this young man become entangled with those of De Lissac, one of Napoleon's aids, who has taken refuge in Edinburgh, well disguised, while his master is a prisoner at Elba. This man's disguise is penetrated at last, and he is about to be arrested as a spy when the Conqueror makes his appearance upon French soil again, and De Lissac manages to rejoin him. When next his Scotch friends see him he is at Napoleon's side at Waterloo, where he is killed. There is a slight love story in this, but it doesn't go very far—the thread of the whole thing in fact is extremely diaphanous, and only serves to set forth in a very striking manner the terrible case of hydrophobia which existed among the English at that time on the subject of Napoleon and his threatened invasion of their country. His is the great shadow alluded to here. The story is well and easily written, so that one reads on to the close well pleased without exactly knowing why. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

#### New Books and New Editions

MR. EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG (missionary), whose attractive book, entitled "By Canoe and Dog-train Among the Cree and Santeaux Indians," was reviewed by us a year or two ago, now presents some further experiences of his life in the Canadian Northwest, under the title of "Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp-Fires." The new book is made up of reminiscences of adventure belonging to the same period as that to which his earlier volume related. While lacking the interest of a continued narrative, which that work possessed, it has gained in descriptive style, doubtless by much practice and repetition in lecturing tours and platform oratory. The stories of trial and hardship, the hazardous adventures, the incidents of Indian and frontier life, the picturesque descriptions of wild animals and half-wild adventures—Scotch and French half-breeds, hunters, fur-traders and others—which have held the author's auditors, will be no less interesting to his readers. He tells us of the desire expressed by President Cleveland, after listening to one of his missionary addresses, to hear "more about his dogs" and of the characteristic message of sympathy sent by Mrs. Cleveland to the missionary's "noble wife." "A woman who for the Master's sake and for the poor Indian's sake would go through what she has ought to be loved by every Christian woman in the land." Mr. Young's book contains much to amuse and instruct, and not a little to awaken admiration and respect. There are also some affective pictures. (\$1.25. Hunt & Eaton.)

THE RIGHTS of animals to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are considered in their relation to social progress by Mr. Henry S. Salt in a little volume entitled "Animals' Rights" and prefaced by a quotation from Walt Whitman. Mr. Salt is not very clear as to the origin of our ideas of right and justice, but thinks that if there are any natural human rights, the like must be conceded to beasts. He is clear that we have no right to kill, maim or inflict pain for sport; and he evidently thinks that all flesh-eating must go the way of cannibalism. Wild animals have a right to their liberty, to be restricted only as human liberty is restricted by the equal rights of others. The struggle for life is mitigated among the lower animals, as it is with us, by mutual aid and forbearance. It is in the way of progress still further to soften it. Mr. Salt refers with bitterness to the idea of theologians that beasts have no rights since they have no duties; but that is only a "pious," or, as our author would call it, an impious opinion. When St. Francis preached to the birds he doubtless held that they had both rights and duties. A short bibliography with extracts is a useful feature of the book. (75 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

"AN OLD WOMAN'S OUTLOOK" throughout the year, on a portion of South Hampshire, "between the chalk and the sea," is good, pleasant, restful reading about rooks and rustics, vanishing wild flowers and lingering superstitions. We suspect that its charm is only one-fourth in the matter, which includes much popular astronomy and botany, and three-fourths in the manner, which is so

natural that it does not seem to be a manner at all. It plainly was not without learning something, by the way, that Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the "old woman" in question, wrote her four dozen novels, tales, biographies and histories since "The Heir of Redclyffe." She now holds our attention while she gossips about the weather, or about strange cures—to wear a ring of beaten sixpences or a "hair from the cross on the back of a he-donkey." Her story of the little baker gathers to itself all sorts of queer matter, as it progresses until the little hero is almost lost under a mass of proverbs, texts and recipes, with which, being driven insane by his troubles, he disappears in the river. She seems to have formed a habit of inquiring about the relations of every bird or flower that she notices; thus the family history of the thistles is related in the chapter on August, and in that on November the reader will find some tales at first-hand about rooks, daws and magpies. It was not of these, but of the nightingale, that one of her rustics said that "they birds hollered so that one could not sleep." (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

#### Magazine Notes

THE selling of rebellious subjects of the British crown into servitude in the colonies of North America and the West Indies is the rather unhackneyed topic chosen by Col. A. B. Ellis, for treatment in the March *Popula Science Monthly*, under the title of "White Slaves and Bond Servants in the Plantations." "The Decrease of Rural Population" is discussed by John C. Rose, who points out the industrial changes to which it is due. Prof. C. Hanford Henderson concludes his account of "The Glass Industry" in an illustrated paper which traces the advances that the industry has made in America. "Artesian Waters in the Arid Region," by Robert T. Hill, corrects erroneous notions and explains in what situations borings are most likely to be successful. This article also is illustrated. The opening article in the April *Monthly* is an address by President David Starr Jordan, on "Science and the Colleges," giving a vivid description of the numerous starveling colleges which have obstructed the progress of higher education in America, and showing how science has advanced in spite of every hindrance. In an article on the "Inadequacy of 'Natural Selection'" Mr. Herbert Spencer maintains that naturalists have been led, by the similarity of the phrase, to believe that natural selection can do what artificial selection does. An attack by certain official geologists upon Prof. G. F. Wright's "Man and the Glacial Period" has brought Prof. E. W. Claypole to the author's defense; and besides the article, "Prof. G. F. Wright and his Critics," the matter is dealt with editorially. President David J. Hill of the University of Rochester contributes an essay on "The Festal Development of Art"; and there is an article on the "Education of our Colored Citizens," by Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin, showing the practical and thorough character of the education given to Indian and Negro pupils at Hampton Institute, and the necessity for an increase of resources for this work.

Herr Friedrich Spielhagen opens the March number of *The Cosmopolitan* with a description of the city of Berlin, which is well worth reading. This and Mr. V. Gribayedoff's "Great Trans-Siberian Railway" are the "starred" articles of the number. Julien Gordon contributes a story, "Conquered," and the editor takes the occasion to felicitate himself upon having introduced this now popular author to the reading public. There is an interesting article showing what some women—amateurs—have done in the way of photography; there is a graceful poem "For Music," by Frank Dempster Sherman; and Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard contributes some vigorous lines to "March." There is a story of no little truth and power called "The House of the Dragons," in which the author allows her sympathy with the unfortunate to warp her judgment and to do great injustice to a noble woman who has done and is doing incalculable good to the working girls of this city. Mr. Walker does not believe in departments as departments, so he scatters his departmental literature through the body of the magazine. There we find Dr. E. E. Hale discussing social problems, Mr. Brander Matthews discoursing of "Cervantes, Kipling & Co.," and Mr. W. D. Howells writing of the "Altruists."

#### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Shakespeare in the Magazines.—The *Atlantic* for January, among other good things, has a delightful paper on "Love's Labour's Lost," by Sir Edward Strachey; and in the February number Hon. Horace Davis, under the heading of "Shakespeare and Copyright," gives a lucid account of the origin and early history of the recognition and protection of the author's rights of property in his works in England.

In *The New Review* for January Mr. L. F. Austin discusses Mr. Irving's Lear, and commends him for making the king's intellectual decline evident from the first. The finest thing in the impersonation is Lear's "memory of his banished child." There cannot be "a more pathetic picture of the dawn of reason in the shattered mind at the bidding of love" than in his recognition of Cordelia in the tent. "At this point of the play the illusion is supreme, the art of the actor being "forgotten in a moment of pure emotion."

In the December and January numbers of *Werner's Voice Magazine* I find a capital paper by Mr. W. H. Fleming, read before the Avon and the New York Shakespeare clubs. It is entitled "The Shakespearian Dramas." After some prefatory remarks on the plays, three of their special features are taken up: I. Shakespeare's Silences (his few references to contemporary events, and especially his silence about himself); II. Portrayal of Character; and III. The Union in Shakespeare's Works, each in its Very Highest Development, of the Tragic and Comic. I regret that I cannot take space for extracts from the paper, or even for more than this brief reference to it. Mr. Fleming was already well-known to Shakespeare scholars by his excellent editorial work on several volumes of the "Bankside" edition.

The quarterly *Shakespeariana* for January, among other interesting matter, contains an article by Mr. Fleming, in which he shows the impossibility of drawing inferences concerning "American Spelling" from the orthography of the First Folio, as Mr. Brander Matthews argued that we might. *The New England Journal of Education* (Feb. 23) concludes its notice of this number of the magazine thus: "The miscellany contains its usual remarks upon Drs. Rolfe and Furnivall, which prove, if they prove anything, that the students of Shakespeare are very apt to exhibit a lack of the good taste and 'gentle'-ness which characterized many of the 'gentlemen' of the poet's time."

*Yorick made D ke of York!*—The Professor of English in a Western college sends me the following note, which I cannot forbear printing for the amusement of *The Critic's* readers:—

"Perhaps you are familiar with the advertising enterprise shown by the proprietors of —'s soap; well, during the past few days an imported French or Italian artist, a 'Professor' Leoni, has been occupying a large display window down town, carving, or modelling out of bars of —'s soap, a scene from 'Hamlet.' There is the grave-yard with its enclosing wall, the trees, the birds, the fallen headstones, the funereal monuments—all of the same soapy material; while the grave-diggers lounge around watching Hamlet and Horatio who stand by the open grave. Hamlet holds the skull, and is evidently apostrophizing it. It is done with remarkable skill and some degree of artistic taste; but the funny thing about it is that the scene is labelled 'Hamlet discovering the skull of the Duke of York!' and on the miniature tablet at the head of the grave the artist has carved so that he who runs may read—

DUKE  
OF  
YORK

"Now was it not dismal humiliation enough to put the melancholy Dane into soap, without converting that mad rogue Yorick into his grace the Duke of York?"

'To what base uses we may return, Horatio!'

"In faith, if this sort of thing be allowed to run on, what theories of corrupted text and what plausible emendation of unfamiliar names may we not expect in the days to come? Might not one come eventually to interpret poor Yorick as a solar myth, or something of that sort, at last?"

"*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*" at Oxford.—The Oxford University Dramatic Club, which in past years has produced several of Shakespeare's plays—"Twelfth Night," "Julius Cæsar" and "King John"—has lately given "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," a drama which is rarely put upon the stage. Madame Modjeska revived it, several years ago, in this country, but, though it had a fair run at the time, she has since dropped it from her repertoire. At Oxford, according to *The Academy*, it was "surprisingly successful" for an amateur performance. Launce's dog is particularly commended for his "excellent behavior" and "intelligent antics." The critic adds: "Indeed, the dog is so good a comedian that one is inclined to credit the rumor that the choice of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' was no little due to a desire to give him an opportunity to display his qualities"! The female parts were rendered by ladies, not by young men as in our college societies.

*A New Twist to an Old Quotation.*—The following is from a recent article on Mr. Blaine in the *Indianapolis News*:—

"In that wonderful advice which Polonius gives to Laertes he says, 'Look thou character.' The impression that Mr. Blaine has left is that he did not 'look character' as a great and trusted leader should; that is to say, he seemed to trifle with essentials; he engaged in things that were doubtful, and raised doubts of the fundamental integrity of his character," etc.

The reader does not need to be informed that the passage in "Hamlet" (i. 3. 58) reads thus:—

"And these few precepts in thy memory  
Look thou character;"

as the quartos have it, the folios reading "See thou character." The meaning is obviously "See that you write, or inscribe." The newspaper writer is apparently serious in his queer perversion of both the syntax and the sense. It is worse than the familiar misinterpretation of "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," which is doubtless to be partially explained by the fact that the passage occurs in a play comparatively little read—"Troilus and Cressida." The context makes the meaning perfectly clear:—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—  
That all with one accord praise new-born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
And give to dust that is a little gilt  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted;"

that is, one natural trait is characteristic of all men,—that they prefer what is novel and showy, though worthless, to what is old and valuable. As Grant White remarks, "the line which has been thus perverted into an exposition of sentimental brotherhood among all mankind is, on the contrary, one of the most cynical utterances of an indisputable moral truth, disparaging to the nature of all mankind, that ever came from Shakespeare's pen." The critic refers to the use of the quotation on the title-page and cover of the "Globe" edition of Shakespeare as "a mere publisher's contrivance," but expresses his surprise that the editors should have "allowed it such sanction as it has from its appearance on the same title-page with their names."

### The Lounger

WILL SOME ONE tell me what it is that makes one author's books successful, and another's the reverse? I anticipate the easy answer that some are good and others are bad; but the bad ones—that is, those whose literary merit is not of the first order, or even of the second—are often the most successful. No one claimed great literary merit for the late E. P. Roe's stories, but no one could deny their popularity. Other writers have written for the same audience and their stories seemed to the publishers and the publishers' "readers" to be just the same sort of thing, only perhaps a little better suited to their purpose; and yet they were not read by hundreds where Mr. Roe's tales were read by thousands. No one can give the reason. Indeed, I don't believe that there is any reason. I doubt that Mr. Roe or his publishers anticipated any such success for his stories as they attained. I think that if you gather the statistics of the subject, you would find that the books that made the greatest popular successes did so to the surprise of all concerned. I could relate many instances of books that were published against the publisher's judgment, yet met with phenomenal success; and of books upon which the publisher had lavished energy, enthusiasm and money, without "realizing" enough on them to pay for the plates. Authors are very apt to attribute the failure of their books to the publisher. They are not advertised sufficiently, they complain. It is useless to tell them that their particular book cannot be "starred" unless the public have already shown signs of wanting it. It gets its share of advertising when it is first published, and then if it seems to be attracting attention it helps its sale to "push" it. Publishers have to advertise all their books, and to do as well by one as by another. They cannot make fish of one and flesh of the other, but each author thinks that an exception should be made in his favor.

A PUBLISHER TOLD me the other day that one of his authors, he mentioned no names, had just written to him that the way to advertise a book was the one adopted by Mme. Duse's managers—that of giving the whole side of a wall, or a whole page in a periodical—*The Critic*, naturally—to one book, *his* for example, with nothing on the page but the name of the author and the title of the work in question. The publisher admitted that the plan was indeed admirable, but to do this he would have to have but the one book on his "list," just as the Messrs. Rosenfeld had but the one "Star." Authors are apt to make the great mistake of thinking that their interest in "booming" a book is not the same as the publisher's. It is just as much to the advantage of the publisher to have your book sell as it is to yours. He profits, as you do, in every

copy sold, and he has no object in hiding your light under a bushel. If the success of a book depended entirely upon the publisher's eagerness to sell it, as so many authors believe, there would be no such thing as an unsuccessful book.

LONDONERS are bemoaning the constant demolition of their "literary landmarks." John Leech's lovely house in Kensington, with its big garden under whose famous ash-tree Thackeray was so fond of sipping his afternoon tea, is about to be torn down; and now a well-known house in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, known as "Dr. Johnson's Head," is to make way for the "march of progress." Just what the great lexicographer's connection with this house was, no one seems to know. He occupied a house opposite to it, where he died, and he may have wandered across the court into this tavern; but Boswell makes no note of it, nor does Mr. Hutton in his "Literary Landmarks of London." The house, however, was named for the Great Chair of Literature, and his portrait swung on its sign-board for many years. I hope that this sign-board, if it be a contemporary one, will fall into the hands of some collector, for it is certainly interesting from its associations, the names of Johnson and Bolt Court being inseparably linked together.

MR. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, who seems to monopolize the profession of "interviewing" in England, has an interesting account of "A Day with A. K. H. B." in the current *Quiver*. The gentleman who writes over those initials is well-known to be the Rev. Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews, Scotland, author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," a delightful book which had an even greater popularity in America than in Great Britain. In the course of his conversation with Mr. Blathwayt, Dr. Boyd said:—

"But what has helped me much in writing upon our trivial life, its joys and sorrows its struggles and its victories, and especially its pathos, is the fact that I have seen very little in my time—only a little of England and Scotland—and yet that small experience, so far from hindering me, has helped me rather, for it has made me look very attentively at the little I saw. I can remember Arthur Helps once saying to me:—'Nothing is so interesting as real life.'"

There are hundreds of books that can attest the truth of this. "Rab and His Friends" is one; "Our Village" is another; the book of Dr. Boyd, and there are others still. But it would be impossible to mention them all, though they form none too large a part of our literature.

THE LONDON *Publishers' Circular* reads with pain not unmingled with satisfaction an article in the *New York Literary News* in which the author confesses to "a feeling of irritation that 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' and 'The History of David Grieve,' the two leading novels of the year, come from over the sea." *The Literary News* is easily irritated. I do not think that this irritation will be found to be widespread in America. The irritated writer asks why it is that American authors are doing so little distinctive work, and answers the question himself by saying:—"The one great reason is that they are doing too much. To fill contracts made with magazines and periodicals, they are obliged to furnish material right along without the requisite breaks for study, relaxation and gathering of new ideas, and thinking out the problems of life that necessarily form the groundwork of all fiction." This sounds well, but is it true? Are American writers producing more rapidly than Thackeray and Dickens did, or than Mr. Kipling has done? And are not Mr. Howells, Mrs. Deland, Mr. Crawford, Miss Wilkins, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Burnett and Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler "gathering new ideas and thinking out problems"? It seems to me that they are, and to good purpose, too. American authors, we are told, "fall into a rut, and even with great possibilities settle down to fill the demands of current literature." I don't think that either of the above-mentioned authors has fallen into a rut, certainly the last-named has not. Then the writer goes on to bemoan the fact that Americans read about books rather than read the books themselves. "We are shallow," declares the *News* in conclusion, "and superficial, and we are fostering instead of correcting these characteristics."

"THIS IS EXTREMELY CANDID," exclaims the delighted *Publishers' Circular*; adding: "but we should be sorry if similar statements could be made about English authors and critics." So should I be; but I should be sorer if they were not only made about American authors and critics, but were proved true of them. It will be time for Americans to be really solicitous when *The Critic* makes such charges.

AS I WAS PASSING the little office in the Scribner book-store where Mr. Henry Smith receives rare editions of old books and the newest importations, he asked me to come in and see something that he would venture to say I had never seen before. Some

unique copy of a famous book, I thought—some rare first edition, an Aldine or an Elzevir. He held up before my eyes a beautifully-made morocco case such as the choicest books are kept in, and I held out my hand eagerly for it. He removed the case and gave me the book. It was an old copy of Holbein's "Dance of Death" and seemed to be bound in parchment. "What is so remarkable about this edition?" I asked; "1816 is not so old." "It is not the antiquity of the book that makes it peculiar," said Mr. Smith; "it is the binding." "The binding! nothing could be plainer; parchment is not so rare," I replied, rather scornfully. "It is not parchment," replied he, "it is human skin!" I let the book drop from my hands. "Human skin! Whose?" That he did not know, but Mr. Bangs had sent it over from London as a curiosity, and a curiosity it certainly is. I suppose some one will buy it and put it on a shelf with a human skull that has been converted into a drinking-cup or an ink-stand.

TO TAKE AWAY the horrible impression of this ghastly binding, Mr. Smith showed me some beautifully-bound and rare books. Lamb's "Prince Dorus," of which there are perhaps not half-a-dozen copies in existence; the first edition (1726) of "Gulliver's Travels," of Cowper's poems, and of Keats's "Endymion." In examining these dainty and interesting books I tried to forget the hideous binding of "The Dance of Death," and yet I suspect that if some innocent-minded goat had strayed among those books, its feelings would have sustained as great a shock at sight of the lovely morocco bindings as mine had at the sight of the human skin.

THE MERRY ANDREW is getting to be a tripping Andrew as well. In the March *Longman's* he says:—"There have lately been published a number of novels of Jewish life—for example, 'Dr. Phillips' (which I have not read), and a tale by Mr. Sidney Hartland, 'The Thorah'" "The Yoke of the Thorah," a tale of Jewish life in New York, was written several years ago by Mr. Henry Hartland, an American writer, who began his career under the *nom de plume* of Sidney Luska. Mr. E. Sidney Hartland is the author of "The Science of Fairy-Tales," but is not a novelist. That Mr. Lang should make a mistake about an American author is not surprising, but to trip in a statement about one of his own countrymen and a fellow folk-lorist at that, is, to say the least, a little careless.

"THE GERMAN EMPEROR," writes a friend in London, "has a tremendous admiration for Remington as an artist, and has a large collection of his work, notably such illustrated books as 'Hiawatha' and 'The Oregon Trail.' In conversation with an American sojourner in Berlin, the other day, while the Russian Tsarewitch was there, the Emperor's principal subject of conversation was Remington's work, particularly his illustrations in the January *Harper's*. Apropos of 'Why We left Russia,' he expressed deep indignation that so notable an artist should have been expelled from the country, particularly as that artist was an American visiting Europe for the first time, and intent only upon filling his sketch-book with picturesque material. It may interest you to know, by the way, that in strange contrast to the behavior of the Russians, the German Emperor gave orders that Remington should receive, in his dominions, every facility for the study of military types and anything else that took his fancy."

### Mr. Waugh's "Alfred, Lord Tennyson"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In the notice of Mr. Waugh's book (p. 370) the references to "In Memoriam" should be xxix. and lxxviii. instead of lxxii. and lxxxviii. I may be responsible for the first, though I cannot account for it, but the second is probably due to the printer. Mr. Waugh is right, I think now, in making the date of the departure of the Tennyson family from Somersby 1837 instead of 1835, as Church gives it. In Napier's "Homes and Haunts of Tennyson" (p. 8) the date is 1837; and Jennings, in the revised edition of his "Lord Tennyson," recently published, gives (p. 46) a letter dated Jan. 10, 1837, in which the poet says: "I and all my people are going to leave this place shortly never to return." It appears, therefore, that the Tennysons spent four Christmases at the old place after the death of Arthur Hallam, only two of which are mentioned in "In Memoriam."

By the way, Jennings (p. 122), like Waugh, quotes Lord Houghton's letter as referring to a visit to Aldworth in July, 1867; and, like Waugh, he contradicts this by giving on the preceding page the correct date (1869) for the completion of the mansion. This letter was not in the first edition of the book.

THE REVIEWER.

The reader is referred to the paragraphs on page 167 entitled "Our New Correspondents."

### Four Clever English Women

THE MEMOIRS of "Three Generations of Englishwomen," which Mrs. Janet Ross has written, and which the Messrs. Putnam have just published, are not altogether new, though in this revised and enlarged edition of the original book there is enough that has not before been published to make it virtually a new work. Mrs. John Taylor, the first subject of these memoirs, was a remarkable woman whose house at Norwich, we are told, was the resort of the most cultivated men and women of her day, who valued and prized her friendship. The Taylor family, for several generations, we are further told, has produced men and women distinguished by literary and scientific ability. Of Mrs. Taylor's seven children, Sarah Austin was "perhaps the handsomest and most gifted." She was the mother of the third generation—Lady Duff Gordon; thus we have the three generations to which the book is devoted. In the Introduction M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire gives his recollections of Mrs. Austin, to whom he was presented in 1840 by M. Victor Cousin. She was even then "extremely handsome, and her complexion, which she preserved to the day of her death, was dazzling." In Paris Mrs. Austin had a *salon*, and though she was poor—intellect alone being the attraction—invitations to her humble apartments were eagerly sought by the illustrious men and women of the day. Says M. St. Hilaire:—

"The *salon* of Mrs. Austin was a centre where France, England, Germany and Italy met, and learned to know and appreciate each other. Mrs. Austin spoke all four languages. Her power of work was wonderful, quite virile. She was an excellent Latin scholar, which stood her in good stead when she published the posthumous work of her husband on the Roman Law. Her mind was perfectly balanced and fortified by serious, hard study; and to everything she did she brought an attention and a maturity of judgment which few men possess in so large a measure. Mrs. Austin was intimate with all the remarkable intellects in England. She presented me, among others, to Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Layard, Mr. J. Stuart Mill, Grote (Mr. and Mrs.), etc. I went with her to see the Misses Berry, then very old ladies, witty, and delighted to talk with a Frenchman who reminded them, particularly by his pronunciation, of the society of the eighteenth century, in which they had shone in their youth. I also recollect a visit to Mr. C. Greville, then crippled by gout, but whose conversation sparkled with intelligence and admirable taste. Mrs. Austin knew the Duchess of Orleans, who consulted her about the education of her two sons; and in 1864 I saw the young Princes at her house at Weybridge, after their return from America. They treated her with filial respect."

Lucy Duff Gordon, the only child of John and Sarah Austin, and the mother of the author of this volume, inherited the talents of her parents. The book abounds in the most interesting letters to and from the three generations. Here is part of one from Amelia Opie to Mrs. Austin:—

"I wonder I have written so proper and virtuous a letter, as I have just been reading 'Don Juan' through (that being, not one of the duties, but of the intended sins of the day). I have long made up my mind to read it, if it fell in my way, and also to own I have read it; as I should think it a greater vice to tell a lie about it, than to read it—if it were worse than it is. And when I heard some highly virtuous and modest women tell me they had read it, and were 'not ashamed,' and when I recollected that I had read Prior, Pope, Dryden and Grimm, I thought I would e'en add to my list of

offences that of reading 'Don Juan.' I must say that the account of its wickedness is most exaggerated. Wit and satire it abounds in, with here and there tenderness, pathos and poetry worthy its distinguished author."

Then the proper and circumspect Mrs. Opie goes on to say apropos of Lady Byron:—"She, I think, did more than becomes a wife, *whatever her provocation*—to undraw the veil a wife ought to throw over the frailties of her husband, and I think, too, she had little temptation to do it. The world's feeling would of course have been with Lord Byron's forsaken wife. Why then enter into details of his guilt which could only serve to blacken the fame of her child's father, and were not wanted to avenge her. She was excused—everyone knew the character of Lord Byron. Why then did she, as if in self-justification, make everyone in her circle acquainted with his most secret depravity? I never can excuse Lady Byron's conduct, though I can make allowances for her as a spoiled child, and a flattered woman, who never knew contradiction till she became a wife."

Mrs. Austin is the most important of the three Englishwomen, and to her nine-tenths of the book are devoted. She writes to a friend from Bonn, Jan. 2, 1828:—

"Life here glides along; they smoke and eat, walk and dance; the studious men pore over researches which have neither object nor excitement to a busy, active spirit; the women cook, and knit, and higgie for 'pfennigs,' but one does not see the strife and the struggle, the carking care, the soul-consuming efforts to get and to spend that are the pride and the curse of England. Alas! we English pay dearly for our boasted energy, industry, activity, and so forth. Life is a toil and a conflict."

If English "energy, industry, activity, and so forth" seemed terrible to her, what would she say to those qualities as exemplified in the United States! Niebuhr and Schlegel were the "lions" of Bonn at that time. Of the former she says:—"I am delighted with him, and only wish it were possible to see more of him. He has strong *rapprochs* with our friend Mr. Mill. Schlegel is as different as a man can well be—profoundly indifferent, apparently, to public affairs, but eminently agreeable and well-bred. Niebuhr is complained of here as hard and dogmatical. I need not say that he interests us the most, but Schlegel is excellent company. He speaks French like a Frenchman, and English extremely well, even elegantly."

In London Mrs. Austin's house in Park Road seems to have been an intellectual centre. She writes to a friend from there in 1830:—"The latter [Otway Cave, M.P.], who sits for Leicest r, and has

great Irish property, is a constant visitor, and has a perfect furore for bringing people. Yesterday he walked in, ushering Sir Francis Burdett; now he asks my leave to bring O'Connell. Of course I let him, and am only amused at the whim. He is a violent Liberal, and having nothing to do, likes, I suppose, to sit and talk politics for ever and ever. *Au resto* he is very good-natured, and a prodigious puffer of my husband, which may have its use. John Mill is ever my dearest child and friend, and he really dotes on Lucie [Lady Duff Gordon], and can do anything with her."

Carlyle was one of Mrs. Austin's warm friends, and found time to write her a number of interesting letters. "It is something," he tells her, "that the words out of my heart speak sometimes into such a heart, and find response there; that you find them not utterly vain, and my little life a kind of reality and no chimæra. Could I one day so much as resemble that portrait you possess of me, and persist in calling like! But alas! alas! However, we will



be content; *alle Frauen*, says Jean Paul, *sind geborene Dichtersinnen*, bless them for it, most of all, when their art comes our own way!"

After railing at the signs of the times which are "quite despicable in England, nothing but a hollow, barren jarring of Radicalism and Toryism for unmeasured periods" (this was in 1833), he adds:—"Meanwhile literature, one's sole craft and staff of life, lies broken in abeyance; what room for music amid the braying of innumerable jackasses, the howling of innumerable hyænas whetting the tooth to eat them up? Alas for it! it is a sick disjointed time; neither shall we ever mend it; at best let us hope to mend ourselves. I declare I sometimes think of throwing down the pen altogether as a worthless weapon; and leading out a colony of these poor starving drudges to the waste places of their old mother earth, when for the sweat of their brow bread will rise for them; it were perhaps the worthiest service that at this moment could be rendered our old world to throw open for it the doors of the New. Thither must they come at last, 'bursts of eloquence' will do nothing; men are starving and will try many things before they die. But poor I, *ach Gott!* I am no Hengist or Alaric; only a writer of articles in bad prose; stick to thy last, O Tutor; the pen is not worthless, it is omnipotent to those who have faith. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, thou shalt find it after many days.' And so we look into this waste fermenting chaos without shuddering; and trust to find our way through it better or worse."

Carlyle is always so vigorous, so amusing, so entirely himself and no one else, that it is difficult to keep from quoting him to the exclusion of others. Listen to what he says of that unhappy person, the reviewer:—"I have learned lately, by various cheering symptoms, that British reviewing had as good as died a natural death, and the lie lied its life out; that the most harmonious diapason from the united throat of universal British Criticism would hardly pay its own expenses. Rejoice, my dear friend, that you can now sit apart from the distracted gulph of abominations; and pray for those that must still swim for their life there."

He was still at Craigenputtock, but meditating a descent upon London, and Mrs. Austin has been looking up a house for him:—"My whole soul grows sick in the business of house-seeking, I get to think, with a kind of comfort, of the grim house six feet by three which will need no seeking. In return, I ought to profess myself humble in my requisitions as to that matter. I must have air to breathe, I must have sleep also, for which latter object, *procul, O procul este*, ye accursed tribes of Bugs, ye loud-bawling Watchmen, that awaken the world every half-hour only to say what o'clock it is! Other indispensable requisition I have none."

Mrs. Austin had made up her mind to live on the Continent, and asked Sydney Smith to find her a suitable maid, and thus he writes:—"The damsel will not take to the water, but we have found another in the house who has long been accustomed to the water, being no other than our laundry-maid. She had some little dread of a ship, but as I have assured her it is like a tub, she is comforted. \* \* \* Hayward came to stay here for a day; you know he is very black—and as he lives at Lyme, I gave him the name of *Carbonate of Lime*. Pray excuse the liberty taken with the personal charms of your beau."

Malta was Mrs. Austin's destination at this time, and Sydney Smith writes to her in another letter:—"Nobody is more agreeable than you, so pray come home as soon as you can, and don't ruin your constitution in order to give a Constitution to Malta. The Maltese can live without liberty, but how can I live without you? So come, or I positively will book myself for Malta, and persevere with you for a couple of months, as I would freeze with you under the pole. What more of gallantry can an aged priest add?"

From Malta Mrs. Austin went to Germany, where she kept a

voluminous diary. Under date of Berlin, Nov. 22, 1842, she writes of a tea at Schelling's, at which were present, among others, the two Grimms and von Ranke. Of the guests she says:—"I was more struck with the Grimms than with anybody. I talked to Wilhelm, taking him for Jacob. He told me of my mistake, and I said it did not signify, the brothers Grimm were one thing. Presently Jacob came and sat by me; I told him I had been forewarned that he would run away from a stranger and a woman—an Englishwoman. On the contrary, he was polite, cordial and willing to talk."

Of Jacob Grimm she adds:—"His exterior is striking and engaging. He has the shyness and simplicity of a German man-of-letters, but without any of the awkward, uncouth, ungentlemanlike air which is so common among them. His is a noble and refined head, full of intelligence, thought and benevolence. Wilhelm is also a fine-looking man, younger, less imposing, less refined, but with a charming air of good-nature and sense."

Von Ranke did not make so favorable an impression:—"Ranke is a little, insignificant-looking man, very like a Frenchman—small, vivacious, and a little conceited-looking. It seems the audience expected a scene—we were to fall into each other's arms. On the contrary, we appeared to be of one mind—*viz.*, to meet with the utmost coolness and indifference. Mme. Schelling said he was, what he seldom is, abashed. He thought people were looking at him, and therefore he hardly spoke to me."

While still in Berlin, "Bettina von Arnim called, and we had a *tête-à-tête* of two hours. Her conversation is that of a clever woman, with some originality, great conceit and vast unconscious ignorance. Her sentiments have a bold and noble character. We talked about crime, punishment, prisons, education, law of divorce, etc. Gleams of truth and sense, clouds of nonsense—all tumbled out with equally undoubting confidence. Occasional great fidelity of expression. Talking of the so-called happiness and security of ordinary marriages in Germany, she said, '*Qu'est-ce que cela me fait? Est-ce que je me soucie de ces nids qu'on arrange pour propager?*' I laughed out: one must admit that the expression is most happy."

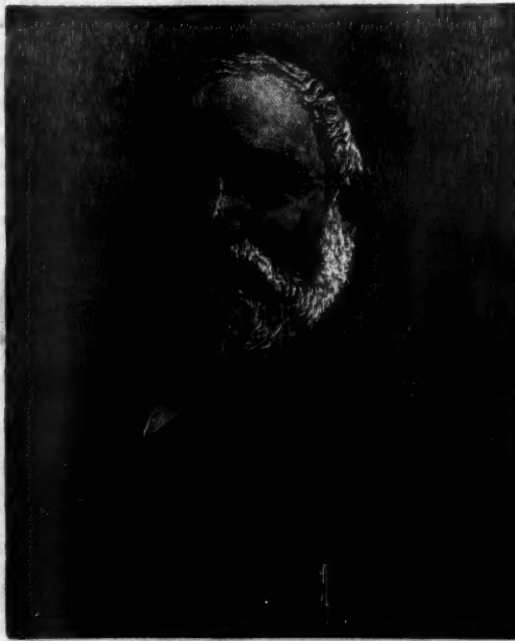
It is not often that we find a more agreeable book than this, nor one in which there is a greater embarrassment of riches. There are characteristic letters from, and anecdotes of, Gladstone, Southey, Guizot, J. S. Mill, T. B. Macaulay and others, besides those already quoted. And then one feels that it would be pleasant to quote more from Mrs. Austin's own letters. We have, however, given enough to show that she was a most remarkable woman, as learned as she was beautiful, and as agreeable as she was clever; a writer on abstruse subjects, an educator, and altogether

profound, yet enjoying society, and with a keen sense of humor to her dying day.

The four portraits given in to-day's *Critic* are of the three ladies of whom the book is a memorial, and of the author, the great-granddaughter of the first of them.

### M. Francisque Sarcey as a Lecturer

THOSE WHO expect in M. Francisque Sarcey's "Recollections of Middle Life" to be entertained by the gossip of the *coulisse* will be disappointed. They will be entertained beyond a doubt; but the stage, of which he is the acknowledged king of critics, plays a small part in M. Sarcey's book. It is devoted to anecdotes of his experiences as a lecturer and to his comments on these experiences. "I am going to show you how I became a lecturer," he says in his introductory chapter, "and, what to my mind a lecture is;" and this he does. Then he holds out the agreeable promise that if we "take pleasure in this study," he will at another time tell us of his years of journalism. Lectures and readings were not common in France when M. Sarcey made his *début*. "We knew, by hearsay," he says,



*Francisque Sarcey*

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"that in England some celebrated writers did not disdain to seat themselves before a glass of sweetened water, manuscript in hand, and to read therefrom a certain number of pages to an audience gathered expressly to listen to them. But that, properly speaking, was not a lecture." M. Sarcey was loth to mount the platform, but was finally persuaded, and though his first efforts were not brilliant successes, they were by no means catastrophes, and he eventually gained great popularity as a lecturer. His discourses were rather informal—were in the nature of talks without notes; and this made them more attractive than if they had been studied oratorical efforts.

Notwithstanding the informality of his talks and the popularity he attained as a lecturer, M. Sarcey tells us that he never went upon the platform without being tortured with nervousness until he began to speak and feel himself *en rapport* with his audience. "Habit only and confidence in one's self," he declares, "can cure this fear." He knows an actor of thirty years' experience whose throat when he goes before the footlights is so dry that he can scarcely speak. With Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt *le trac* used to show itself by a symptom peculiar to herself; "her teeth would shut violently together by a sort of unconscious contraction," and the words would "no longer come from her lips, except hammered out with harsh sonorousness." She only "found her natural voice again when she became mistress of her emotion." The evening of her *début* at the Théâtre Français, "as it was for huge stakes that she played there, appearing for the first time before a public hostile to her, with a rôle which was not within her range," that of Mlle. de Belle-Isle, she spoke through the three first acts in "that metallic voice which issued as though ground between her teeth." The effect was disastrous. She was never able entirely to rid herself of this *tic*, which "takes her on the days of her great struggles." She has, however, had "the wit to make of this defect a manner"; and "you see that the parodists who imitate her in the burlesques" always try to reproduce "this hammering of sound, ground out between shut teeth," which had at one time "been only a symptom of fear with her."

The chapters in which M. Sarcey tells us how to lecture are particularly interesting. His advice is excellent, and if it were acted upon there would be more good lecturers in the field than there are to-day. He even gives practical advice on the care of one's self before lecturing. "Never," he says, "dine before the lecture hour. A soup, some biscuits dipped in Bordeaux, nothing more. If you have a gnawing at the stomach, add a slice of roast beef, but without bread. Do not fill the stomach. There is a rage in the provinces for inviting you to a gala dinner when you have a lecture to give. It's the worst of all preludes. It is in vain to try to restrain yourself. You eat and drink too much; you arrive at the lecture-hall chatting with the dinner company. You have infinite trouble to recover yourself. Dine lightly and alone an hour beforehand, stretch yourself for half an hour on a sofa and take a good nap. Then go, entirely alone, to where you are expected, improvising, re-improvising, pondering upon your exordium, so that when the curtain rises you are in perfect working order, you are in form." Excellent advice all of it, the only persons who won't like it are those hospitable people "in the provinces" whose well-meant but mistaken idea of hospitality is to stuff their guests with the good things of the table. If there is hearty eating to be done, let it be postponed till after the entertainment.

M. Sarcey's book has much to congratulate itself upon: its translator, Elizabeth Luther Cary, has done her work well; the introduction is by an able journalist, Edward Cary of the *Times*; and it is a beautiful example of the book-maker's art. Messrs. Scribners are the publishers, and by their courtesy we publish M. Sarcey's portrait, which appears as the frontispiece of the volume.

### Mr. Cable as an Editor Again

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In your issue of Feb. 4th appears a letter from Mr. G. W. Cable, referring to an article written by me and signed by Mr. Cable, "A West Indian Slave Insurrection."

He states that he responds only to what Mrs. Miller has written, not to others, then I reply his letter is a curious one, full of inaccuracies and surprising as an answer to my note in the *Times-Democrat*. That was certainly courteous, imputed no ill-intent, amounted to a defence of him and gave opportunity for him to take a generous attitude.

The publication was forced upon me by the recurring comment on the literary transactions between us. These criticisms came, at last, to seem to me injurious to us both, accusing us, as it were, of being in league to deceive the public. I felt that, friendly as his motives might be, his method of disposing of my work was a mistake, one I was no longer willing to have part in even were it for my interest, or, to be a cause of odium to him. The manner in

which I tried to rectify the situation does not justify Mr. Cable's ungenerous fling that,—the imputation of having kept her merits in the shade will have more weight when Mrs. Miller has written four or five pages which a first-class magazine is willing to take."

This is an ill-considered retort. My note made no such imputation but, contrariwise, tried to show that he wished me to have the merit. The effort to belittle my work is irrelevant to the question at issue,—whether it is right, for Mr. Cable or anyone, to buy original matter of another, change it either much or little, and put his name to it. It is immaterial whether I can, or can not, write for a first-class periodical, but it is important whether the purchase of literary material constitutes a claim to its authorship.

The changes made in my article are, in the opinion of some competent critics a question of individual taste. He surely does not assume to be the sole arbiter of literary criticism.

I do not pretend to competition with him but for answer to his taunt submit quotations from his printed words, his letters, and outside opinion.

When he published my "Diary of the Seige of Vicksburg" in the "Century" he said in his preface "I have not molested the original text." (*Cent. Mag. Sep. 1885.*) When about to publish in book-form this "unmolested text" with the rest of it, "Diary of a Union Woman in the South," he says,—"At length I was intercessor for a manuscript that publishers would not likely decline." (*Cent. Nov. '88.*) From a letter comes this—"I congratulate you on the grace with which your story is told, the heroism that makes it inspiring and the love that makes it tender and touching." Another letter states,—"every one praises without stint the unknown writer of the Diary." These opinions sound as if he then thought these pages, "exclusively from my pen," worthy publication in a first class magazine. If I remember aright, it was the only part of the book praised in the London Athenaeum which said of it,—the Diary of a lady who was in Vicksburg during the seige is a piece of work of the highest interest, to be read only with breathless excitement so completely vivid and so simple is the narrative." A good critic here, said in the *Picayune*,—"this diary proves Mrs. Miller to have unusual literary ability."

Mr. Cable's second paragraph in the Critic article makes an incorrect statement. "I told her more than once that her one chance of disposing of any writing of hers as literature lay in confining herself to the simplest recital of experiences of her own interesting enough for publication." His sole words to that effect are in a letter,—"I think your forte lies in simple, direct narrative of interesting incident." Some critics approve such a style and it has the advantage of making an editor's work lighter.

The next inaccurate statement is that I sent him manuscript of the *Slave Insurrection* "asking him to buy it." I have his letters and copies of replies. He urged me to write it in five letters. When I wrote that it was finished and I thought of sending it to Lippincott, he rejoined,—"Don't send it to Lippincott. Send it to me." I did. Here is the reply—"It has strangeness, movement, color, life and human interest but it wants perspective and correlation of parts. It ought to be re-written; there are periodicals might take it as it is. Try them if you like. There is another proposition I can make, to offer you less than the material, but more than the writing is worth, then take it and make it mine, you named or unnamed. If this seems fair to you I offer \$50.00 Nov. 1886.) I was unwilling to sell it if he was to make it his, had him return it and kept it a year. School-work prevented my revising it. I sent it as it was to some magazine, (can't recall which) it came back with signs that it had not been examined.

Then I wrote Mr. Cable he was probably right that it needed revision, I had no leisure to do it and as he still wished to buy it, could have it if he would name me as author. This was his answer,—"if I re-write it, I should still feel bound to give you credit for its authorship and will gladly do so." (Aug. '87. In Jan. 1892 he wrote to me for a map of the island. In the interval, losses and sorrows "in battalions" had come upon me; he knew the situation, and in replying I specially reminded him of the promise that my name should appear, adding, that it was now important for me to get a standpoint for myself. He replied, "I will of course give you credit in printing the story of the *Insurrection*." Naturally, when it appeared over his name, I felt disappointed and wounded.

His third misstatement is this,—"Mrs. Miller wrote to me soliciting my aid in securing publication of a paper reciting humorous experiences in the *Census*." That manuscript, mentioned to Mr. Cable as suitable for a Reading, was sent him at his request to put in Lecture form for me; his own offer. There are witnesses to this besides his letter which says,—"The *Census* as She is took" is received and is better to publish I will find a publisher." I had not attempted to prepare it for anything. Three months later I learned on inquiry it was published in *N. Y. Independent*. He sent me a check for it and I sent for a copy, it was changed a little, he had put a preface over his name and mine at the end.

Mr. Cable alludes to "anonymous charges." These refer to the manuscript entrusted to him to submit to the editors of the Century with the explanation that if accepted my name should not appear in the magazine. I certainly intended the editors should know of it. He did not show it but bought it by telegram letting me suppose it was purchased by the Century Co. He stated the true fact some months later. I felt disappointed but having a firm belief in his kindly intention did not demur for fear of wounding him. It turns out that it was an illegal transaction, "no agent is permitted to buy of his principal when he is authorized to sell." Story on Agency Sec. 207) Of this I was then ignorant.

My long reserve ought to be proof that, as he says, I thought of him as a friend and believed his actions well-meant. I considered that his reputation, probably, sold manuscripts more promptly than I could and entitled him to part profit. Therefore as long as he headed my papers as edited by him, though I knew it destroyed my chance of gaining reputation for myself, I did not complain, motives of delicacy kept me silent and dictated my note to the Times-Democrat. An answer in the same spirit would have set things right. To reply by a taunt and indirect slurs, which are incorrect, confirms an interpretation of the circumstances which was not given by my note.

DORA R. MILLER.  
459 Carondelet St. N. O. La.  
March 8th 1893.

### Our New Correspondents

OUR READERS will hear with regret that Mrs. Walford's London Letter of March 11 is the last to which the signature of that popular writer will be appended. It has been found that the doings of the literary folk of so great a centre of literary activity as London cannot be adequately dealt with in a fortnightly budget of news-notes; and as the demands upon Mrs. Walford's pen for the charming fiction which it is her pleasure to write and ours to read leave her too little leisure for weekly correspondence, we have been obliged to secure another representative abroad. In a postscript to her last (and hundredth) letter, Mrs. Walford wrote:—

"With pain and with pleasure I write my last letter. It grieves me to part company with *The Critic*; but it is a source of unequivocal and delighted surprise to myself to find that such an erratic and unmethodical person has actually written steadily one hundred letters—and only once, I believe, forgotten the day! Had I said I should do it, no one would have believed me! But I have done it, and have had pleasure in doing it. It will be a source of triumph to me to the end of my life that I did this one thing regularly, and to tell the honest truth, I doubt if such triumph will ever be wiped out, or that I shall ever do anything so regularly again. I must again thank you with all my heart for the kind welcome you have accorded me from first to last, and say that I shall always take a warm interest in your columns, in which I may yet hope to appear from time to time, if anything occurs to me that I fancy you would care for."

It will be a surprise to her readers, as it was to herself and to us, to learn that Mrs. Walford has been our correspondent for four years, her first letter having appeared on March 9, 1889. We share her hope that her last letter will not prove to be her last contribution to these columns.

Mrs. Walford's predecessor as London correspondent of *The Critic* was Mr. W. E. Henley, who wrote over the signature "H. B."; her successor is Mr. Arthur Waugh, author of "Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Study of His Life and Work," the latest and largest book on the Laureate, which attracted general attention in England, and, republished in this country by the United States Book Co., three months ago, has already passed into a second edition. Mr. Waugh is a rising young writer, an Oxford man—a scholar and graduate of New College,—twenty-six years of age. His first letter will appear next week.

With its issue of this week *The Critic* makes a new departure by recognizing the claims of Chicago to consideration as a literary centre. These claims have often been advanced by the great Western city, but never before, we believe, have they met with the practical recognition implied in the publication in an Eastern journal of a Chicago letter devoted to literature and art. Miss Lucy Monroe, who has been enlisted in our service as a regular weekly correspondent, is an accomplished *littérateur* who has made a special study of the history and practice of art. As a prose-writer she reflects no less credit upon the city she lives in than is reflected thereupon by her sister's achievement as a poet.

TOGETHER with a frontispiece portrait and a biographical sketch of Dr. George MacDonald, the *Book News* for March contains an interview with the now venerable poet, preacher and teller of tales.

### Chicago Letter

MR. HENRY BLAKE FULLER expects to surprise a confiding public with his next book as he did with his first, but the sensation will differ in kind if not in degree. The "Chatelaine" was the legitimate successor of the "Chevalier," and the two have led us to expect from this graceful writer a certain elegance of diction, a polished and perfumed style, satire so delicate that it masquerades as the most gallant courtesy, and a felicitous humor which falls on the just and the unjust alike with an exquisite fanciful caprice. But in his third book he has opened regions of his mind hitherto barred from the public; and whether we will find in this digression the old charm, the old indescribable flavor is a matter for speculation. In a moment of rebellion against the criticisms, English and American, which dilated upon the beauty of his two books, but looked with distrust and even repugnance upon the possibility of a third, Mr. Fuller determined to show his versatility. In pursuance of this resolution he has written in six weeks a realistic novel of Chicago life. To thwart the cynics who said he could not evolve direct discourse, he has filled the book with it, and one chapter consists exclusively of a dialogue between a bank-clerk and a lunch-counter girl. Love-making, however, is designedly avoided, the characters being "married off in the beginning and allowed to have their misery afterwards." That Mr. Fuller has gone far into realistic methods is shown by the fact that much of the action takes place in a tall building in the heart of the city, and that it is even dragged into the divorce court. We may or may not be gainers by this voyage over untried seas, but at least Mr. Fuller has discovered a country practically unknown in fiction. There is material enough in Chicago for novelist and poet—material worthy of the highest aspirations of realist or idealist; it is only waiting for the selective, vivifying touch of the artist.

The social and intellectual energies of the city are curiously commingled, and there is no stratum of society which can afford to be contemptuous of the pursuit of culture or to ignore the aristocracy of brains. This fact is responsible for curious anomalies at times, for the juxtaposition of irreconcilable characters and the harnessing of singular temperaments, but it is a wholesome influence nevertheless, a stimulus which will have an important effect upon the mental growth of the city. No new problem is attacked half-heartedly here, and the energy which might be expended on nobler objects is sometimes thrown away upon a fad of merely transitory interest. But at this end of the century any enthusiasm is welcome.

The latest combination of Vanity Fair and Bohemia—though the former has striven so hard of late to amalgamate the latter that it is difficult to distinguish between them—is in a new organization called the Contributors' Club. About seventy members, sprinkled judiciously with brains enough to leaven the social lump, are enrolled; and the first meeting was an unqualified success. The editor and founder, Mr. Arthur J. Eddy, had prepared an entertaining magazine. Each writer read his own contribution, none of them exceeding ten minutes in length, and the result was varied and interesting. The original feature of the Club, however, is the publication of the magazine for private distribution among the members, the articles thus being subjected to the severe test of print. The form of *The Knight Errant* was copied, and the magazine is well printed on good paper. The beautiful designs for the cover and the head- and tail-pieces by Will H. Bradley are admirably adapted to their purpose.

The Chicago art-jury reviewed last week the works of art submitted for exhibition at the Fair. The result was disastrous to the ambition of the city to be at once an art centre, although nearly half of the paintings accepted were by resident artists. Out of the thousand works submitted to the juries, only one hundred and forty-six passed their criticism: seventy-three paintings in oil being taken from six hundred and thirty-eight, and eighteen water-colors from one hundred and seventy-seven. The sculptors fared better, as more than half of their efforts were accepted.

The most important of the decorations for the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building were recently completed and are now being placed in position. They will occupy the semicircular spaces over the recessed corner doorways, the two paintings by Walter McEwen filling the southeast corner, and the two by Gari Melchers the southwest. Purely decorative work is new to both painters, distinguished as they are in other lines of work; and it is interesting to contrast their methods in attacking this novel problem. To judge by the results, Mr. Melchers has looked upon line and composition as the most important elements in decoration, while to Mr. McEwen color dominates everything else. Mr. Melchers uses flat tones and broad outlines, where Mr. McEwen concerns himself with masses, with sunlight and shadow. His work is more carefully finished than that of Melchers, and while the latter omits any suggestion of a frame, the other paintings are surrounded by con-



ventionalized wreaths. The paintings of both artists have virility and power, and the dignity and seriousness of their work are worthy of all praise. The subjects of Mr. McEwen's two decorations are "Music" and "Tapestry," while his co-laborer has chosen a somewhat broader field in "The Arts of War" and "The Arts of Peace." There is a certain noble grandeur in the processional movement of the "War" which makes it linger in the memory; but even this, strong and dignified as it is, leaves one unsatisfied, and one turns with relief to the more sumptuous color of the other artist. Of his paintings "Music" is the finer, being admirably expressive of the subject in the melody of its grace of line and sunny radiance of color. Commissions for the decoration of the two northern corners have only recently been given to Mr. Lawrence C. Earle, who will illustrate "Pottery" and "Glass-Blowing," and to Mr. Frank D. Millet, the Fair's Director of Color.

CHICAGO, Tuesday, 14 March, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

### Boston Letter

DEAR OLD DR. PEABODY has passed away. A few weeks ago I wrote *The Critic* regarding the fall he had at the Union Club in this city while attending one of the meetings of the Wednesday Club, and I hoped in the letter of this week to say that he had fully recovered from the injury he then sustained. But Dr. Peabody was advanced in age (he would have been 82 had he lived until the 19th of this month), and the shock to his nervous system was too great to overcome. For a time he seemed to grow better, but a few days before his death there came a turn for the worse, and gradually he sank, until on Friday morning last he quietly passed away.

As a preacher and as a writer the Rev. Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody will be known in New England history. But it is as the kindly and gentle-hearted chaplain that his name will the longest endure in the hearts of thousands of graduates. The remembrance of his benevolence and gentle help, together with the inspirations and influence coming from his noble life, will not speedily die away. It is not invidious to say that no man connected with Harvard College ever enjoyed the wealth of love won by Dr. Peabody; won, too, without the slightest effort on his part, for he was never thinking of himself, of his fame or of his standing among students, but coming entirely from the unpremeditated, natural effect of his words and deeds. When the college men gather around the big tree on Class Day and cheer their favorite professors and college associates, no name in the whole list evokes such tumultuous, warm-hearted applause as that of Dr. Peabody. It has always been the climax to the festivities in that feature of the day, and if any man in the number has not, while he cheered, felt that peculiar sensation which we call "his heart in his throat," then I am mistaken in the character of thousands. Even the comic paper of the college—at least when I was there—never thought of alluding to this dear old friend of all in any more light spirit than to call him "Dr. Full-o'-love."

Many are the incidents told of his openness of heart and amiability. I know of one case where one of the students wished to secure from Dr. Peabody an abstract of his baccalaureate sermon in order to send it to the Boston paper for which he was Harvard correspondent. He went to the good Doctor's house on the morning of the day the sermon was to be delivered, and asked if he could have an advance copy. The correspondent was not accustomed to taking notes of addresses, as he informed the Doctor, and the loan of the manuscript would be of great assistance to him. The Doctor, who was entirely unacquainted with the student in question, having never seen him before that day (for the young man was a Freshman, and had not yet met the Chaplain in a personal way), told his caller that he had but one copy of the sermon. "But," said he, looking over his spectacles in that benevolent manner with which we are all so familiar, "if you will promise to return this manuscript to me within two hours, you can take it, if you really need it." And the young man took the sermon and went away, without one word of inquiry coming from the preacher's lips as to the name or address of the unknown student to whom he had thus kindly loaned the only manuscript of his most important sermon of the year—a sermon which must be delivered within three hours from that time. Could there be greater exhibition of reliance in human nature—and could anyone regard a man who would abuse such a trust as other than a brute? The sermon, of course, came back in time.

There is another story which I have heard and, though it may be apocryphal, it nevertheless illustrates so well the good Doctor's kindness of heart and is so characteristic of the man that it is worth putting in print here. In fact I do not know but that it did occur. One poor fellow who was not over talented came to the Doctor just before the marks were made out for the year with tears in his eyes, declaring that all his future prospects depended on the marking of the Doctor, who was then lecturing in one of the courses. Said he to the teacher:—"I have had hard luck in my

work this year though I have tried my best, and unless I pass in your course I shall lose my degree and that means a heap to my folks at home as well as to myself; so I thought I would come in to ask if I was safe as I could not stand it on the anxious seat any longer." The kind chaplain smilingly beamed on the youth beside him, and in the warmest of tones declared, "My dear boy, you have passed all right; don't worry another moment; you will get your degree." With effusive thanks the student bowed his way towards the door, but just before he passed the threshold the Doctor called out hastily "One moment, please. What is your name?" And he had already assured him that he had passed his examination in safety!

I will not attempt to give a sketch of Dr. Peabody's life, but there are some interesting points which may escape those who write his biography. When Dr. Peabody entered Harvard he was only thirteen years of age. In the whole history of Harvard College only two students ever entered its doors at a younger age. This fact I learned from Dr. Samuel A. Green, and some time ago spoke in more detail in *The Critic* about this feature of the college history. When Dr. Peabody died he was the senior on the list of Harvard professors taken in the order of college seniority. His official connection with the College as a teacher dated from the time when he was studying at the Divinity School, 1829-32, and serving at the same time as proctor and as instructor in Hebrew. Immediately after graduating from the Divinity School he became tutor in mathematics. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is now the senior in the list of surviving professors, his connection with the College having begun in 1839. While in College Dr. Peabody's chum was his cousin, Robert Rantoul, afterwards so distinguished in Congress. Of his class of 1826, originally numbering fifty-three members, but one survives—Dr. William Lambert Russell. Few, perhaps, will recall also that Dr. Peabody was twice acting President of the College, in the year 1862 and during the academic year, 1868-69.

Some time ago I mentioned in *The Critic* that Newburyport was to have its second statue, a memorial to William Lloyd Garrison. I am informed that the mold of the statue has now been shipped to New York to be cast in bronze, and it is expected the dedication will take place on the 4th of July. William H. Swasey it was, who originated the idea of a statue to Garrison in the birthplace of the great abolitionist, and D. M. French is the sculptor. The model represents Garrison at the age of about sixty-five, dressed in a long, double-breasted Prince Albert with the waistcoat showing and with his right arm upraised as though he were making an address. Mr. French was a student under Peter Stephenson and has made busts of Longfellow, Whittier and Caleb Cushing; but his Garrison statue he regards as the greatest of his works.

One of our Boston authors has written a play, and its first production on the stage will occur next Saturday evening at the Columbia Theatre under the auspices of the Theatre of Arts and Letters. His name is not mentioned on the bills, but it is whispered that Mr. Arlo Bates is the author in question. The play is called "Love in a Cloud," and its chief female character, that of an energetic New England woman, is to be taken by Agnes Booth. Four performances are to be given by the Theatre of Arts in Boston, the first three being devoted to Frank R. Stockton's "Squirrel Inn," which you have already seen in New York.

P. S.—The plans of the Theatre of Arts and Letters have been changed, and Mr. Bates's play will be held over till next season, and then given at the Hollis Street Theatre, if that house can be secured.

BOSTON, March 14, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### Notes from Oxford

THE TERM has not been very eventful. Reforms in the composition and procedure of congregation are under discussion, but have not yet assumed practical shape. Meantime the University works well enough with its old machinery. Among the lighter events of the term was the performance of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" by the O. U. D. S., in which Launce and his dog Crab won golden opinions. The fourth and fifth weeks of term were enlivened by the Torpid Eight-oar races. After six nights of racing in uncommonly wild and dirty weather Brasenose remained head of the river.

On Feb. 26, Prof. Sanday delivered to a large audience in St. Mary's the first of his Bampton Lectures on "The History of the Doctrine of Inspiration," which promise to form a most able and scholarly contribution to theological knowledge. Dr. Sanday combines learning with a good style and both with a sound judgment. Prof. Westwood's death at a ripe age leaves vacant the Hope Professorship of Zoology. A new Chair of Pure Mathematics endowed by Magdalen College has been well filled by the appointment of Mr. E. B. Elliott, Fellow of Queen's. Prof. Bryce, it is announced, will soon resign his Professorship. The Teachers' Guild is to hold its annual meeting in Oxford in the Easter Vacation. A

projects of secondary education are "in the air" just now, the meeting is likely to be of special interest. The Marquis of Salisbury, our Chancellor, made a speech in the Sheldonian Theatre on March 1, on behalf of the funds of the Radcliffe Infirmary, in which he insisted on the importance of the study of natural science and the claims of the medical profession.

Among recent books by Oxford residents are W. Warde Fowler's "The City-State in Greece and Rome" (Macmillan), W. Pater's "Plato and Platonism" (Macmillan), a characteristic and interesting volume; A. M. Fairbairn's "Christ in Modern Theology" (Hodder & Stoughton), and T. Fowler's (President of Corpus) "History of Corpus Christi College, Oxford" (Oxford Historical Society). From the larger Oxford outside come Andrew Lang's "Homer and the Epic" (Longmans), H. C. Beeching's "A Paradise of English Poetry" (Percival & Co.) and Horatio F. Brown's "Venice: an Historical Sketch" (the same publishers).

March 2, 1893.

OXONIENSIS.

### Andrew Preston Peabody

THE REV. DR. ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY, who died on March 10, was the most universally beloved member of the teaching staff of Harvard College. He was born at Beverly, Mass., eighty-two years ago to-morrow. Some years after his graduation at Harvard, at an almost unprecedentedly early age, he returned to the Divinity School, which was under strong Unitarian influence. For twenty-seven years (1833-60) he was settled as a pastor at Portsmouth, N. H., but his fame is that of a Harvard preacher and professor. In 1852 he bought a half-interest in *The North American Review*, and for ten years was its editor. He was also a voluminous contributor to *The Christian Examiner*; but neither his pastoral duties nor his literary cares and labors prevented his reading deeply in French and Latin literature.

The list of Dr. Peabody's publications in book form includes "Lectures on Christian Doctrine" (1844), "Christian Consolations" (1846), "Conversation, its Faults and Graces" (1856), "Christianity the Religion of Nature" (1864), "Sermons for Children" (1866), "Reminiscences of European Travel" (1868), "Manual of Moral Philosophy" (1873), "Christianity and Science" (1874), "Christian Belief and Life" (1875), "Baccalaureate Sermons" (1885), translations of Cicero's "De Officiis" (1883) and "De Senectute" (1884), "De Amicitia" and "Scipio's Dream" (1884), "Plutarch on the Delay of the Divine Justice" (1885), and a translation of Cicero's "Tusculan Disputations" (1886).

Dr. Peabody's last public appearance was at the memorial services in the Old South Meeting-House in Boston on Jan. 30, in honor of Bishop Phillips Brooks. His own funeral occurred on Monday last, in Appleton Chapel at Harvard. Over 1000 persons were present, among them Gov. Russell and many men prominent in literary, artistic, scientific, educational and social circles. All work in the different departments of the University was suspended. The pall-bearers were President Eliot, Prof. H. W. Torrey ('39), the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis ('33), the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale ('30), Prof. Josiah P. Cooke ('48), Augustus Lowell ('50), Prof. William Watson Goodwin ('51), and Stephen Salisbury ('56). The eulogy was pronounced by Prof. Francis G. Peabody. The remains were taken to Portsmouth, N. H., for burial.

Some interesting anecdotes of Dr. Peabody are to be found in our Boston Letter this week.

### The Cheer and Comfort Society

EARLY IN NOVEMBER, 1892, a letter appeared in the *Tribune* asking its readers to pause, before throwing their *Critics*, *Nations*, etc., in the waste-basket, and making a pathetic appeal for current literature in the form of magazines for readers whose means and place of residence cut them off from all fresh intellectual treats. This letter was copied in these columns, and led to a correspondence between one of our readers, Mrs. B. Froehlich of this city, and the writer of the letter, Miss E. Campbell of Short Hills, N. J. The result was that, for the last two months or more, reading-matter has been mailed to a great number of people, mostly chronic invalids, living in remote villages, and completely shut off from intercourse with the world. To these, the periodicals sent have been such a boon as it is difficult for those almost surfeited with mental food to imagine. But the matter has not rested here. An explanatory circular letter has been sent to the editors of the leading magazines, which has drawn out the most generous response, both in encouraging words and substantial gifts of reading-matter; while another one, mailed to friends of the originators of the plan, has laid a sound financial basis for an organization to be known as the "Cheer and Comfort Society," for supplying reading-matter to the sick and lonely whose lack of means and remoteness of resi-

dence bring them in the category of those the Society desires to reach.

It is believed that the Society's main supply of literature will consist of back numbers of the magazines, unsold copies of which are now sold as waste paper at so much per pound. To prevent this use of them from interfering with regular sales or causing confusion with fresh "returns" from the newsdealers, each copy is stamped with an official seal. The proprietor of the Hotel de Logerot, 128 Fifth Avenue, has put a room at the service of the Society, and an expressman will be sent, on notification, to any address in the city, to collect any periodicals or books that may be set aside for the purpose. The temporary officers of this excellent charity are Mrs. B. Froehlich, President; Miss E. Campbell, Vice-President; Mrs. J. Muhr, Treasurer; and Mr. L. A. Marckwald, Secretary. To meet the cost of wrapping, addressing and posting, etc., it has been decided to fix the annual dues of the Society at \$1 per year. As this is a merely nominal sum, a membership of 1000 should soon be reached.

### The Fine Arts

#### The Rembrandt de Pecq

THE MUCH-DISCUSSED picture of "Abraham Entertaining the Angels," which, since its discovery at an auction-sale at the little village of Pecq, near Paris, in 1890, has given rise to a deal of controversy, was exhibited at the American Art Galleries on March 10-14, before being returned to its owner, M. Stephen Bourgeois, a picture-dealer, who bought it at the sale above mentioned for a little over 4000 francs. Having had it cleaned, the purchaser announced it as a genuine Rembrandt, and priced it at 10,000/. Whereupon, the widow of the former owner brought suit to recover possession of it; experts testified, of course disagreeing, as to the authenticity and the value of the painting; the affair became celebrated; and M. Bourgeois at last compromised with the widow by paying her a much larger sum than he had bargained for.

There are traces of a signature, but it requires some imagination to make out the full name and date, which are said to read "Rembrandt, 1656." In color and composition it is not unworthy of the master. In the centre, a majestic old man with a full grey beard, robed in a whitish tunic and a mantle of cloth of gold, raises his hand to bless the repast laid before him on a small table. At either side are other figures in white, both of which are supposed to be angels, though only the one on the right is furnished with wings. That one is seated on a covered bench which forms part of the lower edge of the picture. In front of the other angel, a man in a red jerkin stands with bowed head, and although from his position and appearance he is the least important of the four personages, still, since the eyes of all the others are turned towards him, and their countenances show a sympathetic interest in him, he is the real centre of the composition. This figure is usually accounted for as representing a servant in which case the interest shown by the others may be explained by supposing that it is at the same time a portrait of the person for whom the picture was painted. The general tone is of a light golden brown melting into a dark gray background. As is usual with Rembrandt, but again with some of his successors, as with Bol, to whom also the picture has been attributed, the local colors, whether light or dark, are all reduced in the shadow to the same value, the deep red of the servant's dress losing itself in black only a little sooner than the white (or rather, gray) of the angels' tunics. The handling is, in general, extremely loose, especially in the painting of the draperies; but the accessories, the goblet, the joint of meat, the wine-jug and cakes set before the principal figure are treated with as much decision as freedom. It seems unlikely, therefore, that the entire picture is by the one hand, or, if that should be the case, that it was painted all at the same period. But, whoever the painter, it is an impressive and beautiful picture.

#### American Pictures at the Union League Club

A GROUP of paintings by American artists which have been accepted for the World's Fair at Chicago were shown at the Union League Club on March 9-11. Most of them have been publicly exhibited in New York before, and many of them have been described in *The Critic*, but all are choice works of the artists represented, and worthy, to say the least, of a short review. Mr. Winslow Homer, who heads the list, has three of his winter sea-pieces—"Eight Bells," "The Great Gale," and "Midwinter on the Coast," rocks partly covered with snow and partly washed bare by tremendous breakers. He is further represented by "The March Wind," a bare, hilly landscape with a small figure; "The Carnival," a gorgeously colored group of darkies preparing to take part in some procession; and two of his well-known Adirondack subjects, "The Two Guides" and "The Camp-Fire." By Mr. George Inness there were fourteen landscapes, showing every change

of manner of this remarkable painter of effects. Of the earlier solidly painted pictures, the "Gray Lowery Day," of 1877, showing the wooded banks of a little stream under a gloomy gray sky, is one of the best. The "Winter Morning—Montclair," painted in 1882, shows considerable progress in the painting of atmosphere, an undeniably American atmosphere, transparent, but charged with invisible vapor, and is in our opinion the artist's best work. In his later work there is no serious effort to give either drawing or values; but there is much fine decorative composition and suggestive rendering of Nature's moods in the stormy sky of "Threatening," the early moonlight of "Nine o'Clock," and the burst of sunlight in "Sundown in the Lane." Mr. Dwight W. Tryon turns equally to poetic landscape, and his "Moonrise—A Dewy Night," in a farm-yard with haystacks, his "Evening," with a crescent moon shining across the restless waves, and his "Newport at Night," from the harbor, are painted with a well-chosen palette and with much feeling for natural mystery. Of the late Alexander H. Wyant there was his splendid "Evening" on the skirt of a dark wood, his "Mountain Road" and "Clearing after Rain," with five other subjects. Mr. William Bliss Baker (deceased), Mr. Charles C. Curran, Mr. R. Swain Gifford, Mr. Francis C. Jones, Mr. Alfred Kappes, Mr. Louis Moeller, Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray, Mr. Frank D. Millet, Mr. Walter Palmer, Mr. William T. Smedley and Mr. Charles F. Ulrich were represented by one picture each. Mr. Ulrich's "Glassblowers," Mr. Moeller's "Stubborn" and Mr. Curran's "A Breezy Day," with girls spreading out clothes to dry, are excellent bits of genre. Mr. Palmer's "January," a study of an oak tree, the shadow of its bare branches thrown upon the snow, and Mr. Baker's "Silence," interior of a hemlock forest, are thoroughly studied landscapes.

#### A Preliminary Exhibition of Women's Art

THERE WAS PLENTY of room for choice among the many hundred objects brought together last week at the American Art Association's galleries by the New York State Board of Women Managers of the World's Columbian Exposition. The display was divided into groups which comprised works in nearly every branch of industrial art. Tasteful book-cover designs were shown by Miss Alice C. Morse and Miss Sarah Wyman Whitman, a pretty set of initial letters by M. N. Armstrong, and many clever book illustrations by M. H. Foote, Lydia Field Emmet, Allegra Egglestone, A. R. Wheelan and Rosina Emmet Sherwood. The last-named artist had also some very good water-colors and pastels, and we may mention in connection with these the pretty design for a reredos by Mrs. Kenyon Cox, and two designs for fans by Mme. Marie Grivaz.

The greatest number of exhibits were, as was to be expected, in the departments of textiles, laces and embroideries. The ecclesiastical embroideries shown by St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Sisters of St. John the Baptist (the Rev. Dr. Houghton), and Miss Sallie Duncan Elliot will probably be found equal in all respects to any European work of the sort. The silks and damasks designed by the Associated Artists and the hand-made laces contributed by Mrs. Esther Carter were of great excellence. Except for some hammered brasses of bold design and beautifully colored by fire, the group of works in metal would have made rather a poor show. There was very little in stamped leather, carved wood and furniture, and nothing of more than ordinary merit in painted porcelain and pottery. The stained-glass exhibit, however, though small, was very good. The works carried out by the Tiffany Glass Co. from designs by Miss Grace de Luze and Miss Lydia Field Emmet showed a striking and artistic use of the vari-colored and opalescent glass which was first largely used for windows in this country. Of the cartoons exhibited, that of a large semi-circular window with figures of the Madonna and angels, by Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb, merits especial praise. It seems to us that a very good showing might be made at the World's Fair in the sections of textiles, book designs, stained glass and hammered brass work by selections from the works shown at this exhibition.

#### The Society of Amateur Photographers

THE EXHIBITION of the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York, now open at 111-115 West 38th Street, is the first for some years consisting of members' work exclusively. Formerly, members were permitted to have their printing done where they chose; in this exhibition it is understood that no professional aid has been called in. Yet we cannot see but that the printing is as good as any professional work. Gilt medals (first prizes) have been awarded to Mr. R. L. Bracklow in the class of landscape and marine and to Mr. A. Stieglitz in that of figure and portraits; the medal for the best whole exhibit was also awarded to Mr. Stieglitz, but he withdrew in favor of Mr. W. B. Post, who gained the highest prize awarded (silver medal) in architectural work, including interiors. The judges were Mr. Alexander Black of Brooklyn, Mr.

James L. Breese of New York and Mr. Robert S. Redfield of Philadelphia. There were many successful things in very light and very dark tones, and a few well-composed figure-pieces, the best of which was a group of "Italian Children," by Mr. Alfred Stieglitz.

#### Art Notes

THE bill which enables the Secretary of the Treasury to throw open to the architects of the country the designing of public buildings became a law by President's signature just before his retirement from office. Its enactment means that henceforth all the architectural talent of the nation will be at the disposal of the Secretary in the designing of such buildings. Under the old system all plans for public buildings were nominally designed by the Supervising Architect of the Treasury, but many of them, as a matter of fact, were designed by his clerks, it being a physical impossibility for one man to plan them all. While not mandatory, the law authorizes the Secretary to employ the architects whose plans are approved to superintend the construction of buildings. The enactment of this measure is of the utmost importance to the architects and the architecture of America.

—A carefully-prepared etching of the late Bishop Brooks, made by Charles A. Walker from the latest photographs, has just been published by Ticknor & Co. of Boston. It resembles in style Mr. Walker's etchings of Sara Bernhardt and the late William M. Hunt.

—Mr. Russell Sturgis is delivering a course of Tuesday evening lectures at the Cooper Union, the dates being March 14, 21 and 28, and the subject "Modern Architecture at Home and Abroad." The lectures are illustrated, and are free, being given by Columbia College in connection with the Union.

—Owing to a mishap to the mold, the Gorham Co. was unable until a few days since to issue the Columbus Medal designed by Mr. Charles F. Naegle, which was to have been ready last October. It is about two inches in diameter. The reverse bears the coat-of-arms of Spain quartered with the arms of Columbus and the United States, the former topped with a coronet. It also has the inscription:—

TO COMMEMORATE THE FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY  
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS  
BY AUTHORITY OF THE COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED CITIZENS OF  
NEW YORK

Near the respective coats-of-arms are the dates Oct. 12, 1492, and Oct. 12, 1892. The inscription is well arranged, the style of lettering being that of Italian inscriptions on fifteenth-century medals. The obverse is a raised circle in the centre like a coin let into the medal, and on the coin a three-quarter head of Columbus in a sailor's cap, with peaks; then obscure wavy lines against which are the rigging and hulls of the little fleet of three caravels, their topmasts just reaching the edge of the coin; two dolphins between each pair of ships, making six in all, and finally a conventional pattern near the margin of the medal, to signify waves. The caravels have banners waving from their topmasts bearing the names Santa Maria, Niña, and Pinta.

#### Notes

THE MAY *Scribner's* will be its "exhibition number." This does not mean that it will be devoted to the exhibition at Chicago; it will be, rather, an exhibition of its own ability to make a unique number of a magazine. It will be a performance, to borrow from the phraseology of the stage, in which all the parts will be played by "stars." George Washington plays the leading rôle, as he will open the number with an autograph narrative of "The Braddock Campaign," a most important historical document which has never been printed nor the manuscript publicly exhibited. Among the other "stars" who will appear in the constellation are W. D. Howells, Bret Harte, T. B. Aldrich, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, R. L. Stevenson, Francisque Sarcey, Sarah Orne Jewett, Frances Hodgson Burnett, H. C. Bunner and George W. Cable (writers), and A. B. Frost, B. de Monvel, W. L. Metcalf, George H. Boughton, E. H. Blashfield, F. S. Church, William Hatherell, Albert Lynch, L. Marchetti, Robert Blum, Alfred Parsons, Elbridge Kingsley, W. T. Smedley, C. D. Gibson, Birch, Mowbray, Wiles, Weir and Closson (artists). Each artist has selected his own subject in his own chosen field. The frontispiece will be a drawing by Mr. Blum, printed in color, and the magazine will have a new cover designed by Stanford White.

—The prospect for a complete exhibit of books written by the women of New York State is encouraging. At the headquarters in the Bible House the work of receiving and arranging goes briskly on. To make this a representative exhibition of real historical value, it should contain every book written by women born or resi-

dent in the State. It is hoped that every woman who has not sent her books will do so as soon as possible, addressing them to the Wednesday Afternoon Club, Room 128, Bible House, Third Avenue and Ninth Street, New York City. Old books, and those of writers not living, are especially desired.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day "Tools and the Man: Property and Industry under the Christian Law," by Washington Gladden; "Socialism and the American Spirit," by Nicholas Paine Gilman; "The Gospel of Paul," by Charles Carroll Everett; "The Story of Malta," by Maturin M. Ballou; "A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe," revised for 1893; and, in the Riverside Paper Series, Mr. Howells's "Foregone Conclusion."

—Prof. Tyrrell's lectures at Johns Hopkins University have been postponed owing to an operation which it became necessary to perform on the Professor's face. He is now in Johns Hopkins Hospital.

—Harper & Bros. have just published "White Birches," an American novel, by Annie Elliot; "Katharine North," Maria Louise Poof's new novel; "Whittier: Notes of his Life and of his Friendships," by Annie Fields; "Athelwold," a tragedy, by Amélie Rives; "Giles Corey, Yeoman," a play founded upon incidents in the Salem witchcraft delusion, by Mary E. Wilkins; "The Japanese Bride," by Naomi Tamura, a native of Japan; and "Coffee and Repartee," a series of humorous sketches, by John Kendrick Bangs. The last five books are illustrated.

—The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has published a translation of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "Unfinished Story."

—A new edition of 5000 copies of the February *Century* is now printing. The publishers were for a time entirely out of the January number; and the February has been for some time out of print. The April number will contain an article on the trial of the Chicago Anarchists by the Judge who presided.

—Among the new books announced by the Cassell Publishing Co. are "A Wild Proxy," a tragic comedy of to-day, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime" and "Aunt Anne;" "The Last Tenant," the story of a haunted house by B. L. Farjeon; "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," edited by Reuben Shapcott, uniform with "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford," by the same author; and "Tiny Luttrell," a story of Australian life, by E. W. Hornung.

—Julien Gordon will soon have a new book ready from the press of the Cassell Publishing Co. "His Letters" is the title of the story, which consists of a series of letters written by a man to a woman before he had ever met her, and continued after their meeting.

—Mrs. Antonio Navarro, née Anderson, who now lives a retired life at Tunbridge Wells, is said to be writing the memoirs of her stage life.

—E. L. Kellogg & Co., publishers of *The New York School Journal*, have just taken possession of their new building in East 9th Street. It is one of the most artistic and attractive buildings for business purposes in the city. Stone, brick and terra-cotta are the materials used in its construction.

—Mr. Luther J. B. Lincoln's entertainment, which goes by the name of "Uncut Leaves," is enjoying great popularity. Among the authors who read from their own works at the last one, the other day, were Prof. A. S. Hardy, William Henry Bishop and Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston. Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins delivered a new monologue by Charles Barnard, and Augustus Thomas gave a talk on the drama.

—Five hundred unpublished letters by Voltaire are reported to have been discovered near Geneva. They are not to remain unpublished much longer.

—Mr. Daly, who has been a successful manager in New York for twenty-four years, fourteen of which have been passed in his Broadway theatre, has compiled a summary of the present season which began on October 3 and will end on April 8. Since the beginning of the season "Little Miss Million" has been acted twelve times, "Dollars and Sense" 29, "A Test Case" 22, "The Hunchback" 25, "As You Like It" 16, "The Belle's Stratagem" and "The Knave" 17, "The School for Scandal" 8, "The Foresters" 17 and "The Taming of the Shrew" 16. "Twelfth Night" will fill the rest of the season. The annual tour of Mr. Daly's company will begin on Monday, April 10, and continue for eight weeks.

—The venerable William and Mary College at Williamsburg, Va., is rejoicing over an appropriation by Congress of \$65,000 in payment for the destruction of its buildings by Northern troops during the Civil War.

—The Messrs. Scribner announce among their new importations "Illustrations of the Divine Comedy of Dante" executed by the

Flemish artist, John Stradanus, 1587, and reproduced in phototype from the originals in Florence, with an introduction by Dr. Guido Biagi and a preface by J. A. Symonds; Prof. Sayce's "Principles of Comparative Philology"; a new and cheaper edition of "The Bard of the Dimbovitza," translated by Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell; "Hospitals and Asylums of the World," by Henry C. Burdett; "The Humor of America," in the International Humor Series; and last but not least, Baedeker's "Guide to the United States."

—The April *Review of Reviews* will contain a character sketch of President Cleveland's Cabinet by Mr. Woodrow Wilson, and an account of the Religious Congress at the World's Fair by Dr. John H. Barrows. In the same number will be an article on the woman's dress-reform movement, with photographs of some of its leaders in the dress of their choice.

—D. C. Heath & Co. will issue at once "Methods of Teaching Modern Languages."

—There is every reason to believe that the old City Hall, when removed from its present site, will be reerected in Bryant Park, for occupation by the Tilden Library. Mayor Gilroy wishes it, and the bill for its removal has been amended accordingly.

—It is bad news that Mr. Nikisch has resigned from the Boston Symphony Society, to accept the position of Director General of the Royal Opera at Budapest. "As I am a Hungarian," said Mr. Nikisch to a *Sun* reporter, "I shall be glad to return to my fatherland; but I shall also be sorry to leave the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for my relations in this country have been of the pleasantest." Among other notable names mentioned in Boston for the post of successor to Mr. Nikisch are those of Mr. Gericke, Hans Richter, Edouard Colonne of Paris and Felix Motti.

—Sarasate and Paderewski, it is said, have both agreed to produce compositions for the Norwich Triennial Music Festival in October next, and perform them themselves.

—Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," has just completed the novel upon which he has been engaged for several years. It is an historical romance, entitled "The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell." Gen. Wallace was at one time our Minister to Turkey, which position gave him unusual opportunities of gaining information and local color.

—Literary Munich is arranging for a formal protest against the recent decision of the Town Council of Düsseldorf forbidding the erection of a monument to Heine in the poet's native town.

—A first edition of Hawthorne's "Wonder-Book" sold at Bangs's auction-rooms the other day for \$3.50!

—Of Prof. James Bryce, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a new and revised edition of whose "American Commonwealth" Macmillan & Co. have nearly ready, *Vanity Fair* says:—"He is a good fellow, full of information, who can make himself a very genial companion. He is an inveterate climber of dizzy heights and a confirmed botanist. When on an expedition he glories in loose attire, and he takes healthy delight in allowing snow and wind to play about his uncovered head. He is a very learned man, full of most unprofessional energy. He is also the proud owner of a white felt hat that has seen very many years of service."

—Mr. Thomas Wright, who is writing a life of Daniel Defoe, believes that he has discovered the key to "Robinson Crusoe."

—Union Theological Séminary has relieved Dr. Schaff from active duty as Professor of Church History and made him Professor Emeritus. He will lecture occasionally when his health permits.

—Dr. Stanton Coit, who has had charge this winter of the work of the University Settlement Society in this city, addressed a hundred persons gathered at the residence of Mrs. William H. Schiefelin in Stuyvesant Square, last Saturday, on what the Society has done and aims to do. Ex-Judge Henry E. Howland and the Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford also spoke, and a lively interest was awakened in the good work that is being carried on at 26 Delancy Street. As an immediate result of the meeting, Dr. Coit received a letter from a gentleman who offered to be one of twenty to contribute \$5000 each toward the erection of a permanent "social laboratory" for the Society. His injunction was that his name should not be disclosed. A second meeting will be held next week at the residence of Mr. R. W. Gilder, 55 Clinton Place; and on Saturday, March 25, Dr. Coit will sail for London to look after his work in that city. He will return, however, next season.

—Another Haggard has plunged into literature—namely, the Baroness D'Anethan, who has written a novel entitled "A Diplomat's Daughter." The Baroness was formerly Miss Mary E. Haggard, and is a sister of the author of "She."

—According to the *Bibliographie de la France* the number of books issued in France during 1892 was 13,123—a falling off of 1069 volumes as against the output of 1891.

—Mrs. Oliphant has taken a villa at Nice, and there is a rumor that she will in future reside there permanently.

—The late Douglas Campbell, soldier, lawyer, orator and author, was buried at Cherry Valley, N. Y., on March 10, from the Presbyterian Church where the Campbells have worshipped for 150 years. The honorary pall-bearers were Elihu Root, Nicholas Fish, William M. Perkin, Homer M. Martin, Prof. Henry E. Pierce, Lansdale Boardman and George J. Schermerhorn of New York, Col. John L. Burleigh of Brooklyn, and A. B. Cox of Cherry Valley. We were wrong, last week, in saying that the regiment with which Mr. Campbell was connected consisted of colored troops.

—A specially interesting chapter in the life of the late Lord Tennyson, upon which the Hon. Hallam Tennyson is now engaged, says *The Bookman*, will consist chiefly of personal reminiscences, contributed by Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, the author of "London Lyrics," and editor of "Lyra Elegantiarum." Mr. Locker's daughter—now Mrs. Augustin Birrell—was formerly the wife of the Hon. Lionel Tennyson. It is not generally known, says the same authority, that Mr. Locker published in 1865 a tiny volume, now rare and long since out of print, entitled "A Selection from the Works of Frederick Locker." It was illustrated by nineteen engravings by Richard Doyle, Mr. Conan Doyle's uncle, with a frontispiece by Sir John Millais, and consisted of several poems from "London Lyrics," a few of which were restored to the reading of the first edition, and of poems which have not been included in any subsequent edition of "London Lyrics." The booklet, the cover of which was specially designed by Mr. John Leighton, F. S. A., was published by Edward Moxon & Co., and the "C. C. L." to whom it was dedicated was Mr. Locker-Lampson's first wife, Lady Charlotte Locker.

### The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question, for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS

1694.—What is the artistic reason of the truncheon in the hands of the portraits, equestrian and other, of say the fifteenth century?  
SHELBY, MICH. W.

#### ANSWERS

1695.—3. The late Rev. W. G. Elliot, President of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., wrote a "Life of Archer Alexander," published by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, '85. The first chapter contains all the circumstances relating to the origin of the bronze group, "Freedom's Memorial," in the Capitol grounds at Washington. "Photographic pictures of Archer Alexander, a fugitive slave," he says, "were sent to Thomas Ball, the sculptor, in Florence, Italy, and in the group his likeness, both in face and figure, is as correct as that of Mr. Lincoln himself." The original model had an ideal figure of a slave wearing a "liberty cap." At Mr. Elliot's suggestion, the change was made to the figure of "the last fugitive slave captured under civil law, in Missouri."  
HONOKUS, N. J. R. W. H.

### Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

- Adams, J. H. Life of D. Hayes Agnew. \$2.50. Phila.: F. A. Davis Co.
- Alger, H., Jr. Facing the World. 50c. Phila.: Porter & Coates.
- Bang, J. K. Coffee and Reparies. 50c. Harper & Bros.
- Barr, A. E. The Mate of the "Easter Bell." Robt. Bonner's Sons.
- Besant, W. The Society of Authors. 2s. Pub. by the Incorporated Society of Authors.
- Bidgood, J. Course of Practical Elementary Biology. \$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Black, W. White Wings. 90c. Harper & Bros.
- Black, W. The Beautiful Wretch. 90c. Harper & Bros.
- Black, W. Sunrise. 90c. Harper & Bros.
- Body, G. The Life of Love. \$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Bolles, F. Students' Expenses. Cambridge: Pub. by Harvard Univ.
- Bourget, P. Cosmopolis. 50c. Waverly Co.
- Cambridge, A. A Little Minx. \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
- Catalogue of a Collection of Oil-Paintings, etc., belonging to T. E. Waggaman. Ed. by H. Shuglo. Vol. I. The De Vinne Press.
- Catalogue of Choice and Rare Books. Ed. by C. A. Hellman and C. A. Crane. Phila.: C. J. Price.
- Columbia Verse. Ed. by C. A. Hellman and C. A. Crane. Sabiston & Murray.
- Columbus, C. Latin Letter printed in 1492. 30c. London: B. Quaritch.
- Columbus, C. Spanish Letter written Feb. 15, 1493. 40c. London: B. Quaritch.
- Crepar, A. The Emancipation of Women. \$1. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Davis, J. F. Civil Service Examinations for Second-Class Clerkships. 2s. London: Moffat & Paige.
- De Motte, J. B. The Secret of Character Building. \$2. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
- Duluth School Report, 1892. Duluth, Minn.
- Dumas, A. The Memoirs of a Physician. Chicago: N. C. Smith Pub. Co.
- Eliot, A. White Birches. \$2.25. Harper & Bros.
- Elton, C. I. and M. A. The Great Book-Collectors. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
- Fields, A. Whittier: Notes of his Life and of his Friendships. 50c. Harper & Bros.
- Foots, M. H. The Chosen Valley. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Fowler, W. W. The City-State of the Greeks and Romans. \$1.20. Macmillan & Co.
- Harlot, T. Narrative of the First English Plantation of Virginia. 60c. London: B. Quaritch.
- Horauing, E. W. Under Two Skies. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
- James, H. The Real Thing. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
- Lake, N. Dally Dinners. \$1. F. Warrs & Co.
- Lincoln, M. D. Over the Lawns to the White House. Washington: M. D. Lincoln & E. Maynick.
- Littledale, H. Essays on Tennyson's Idylls of the King. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
- Lysaght, S. R. The Marplot. \$2. Macmillan & Co.
- Lytton, E. B. The Caxtons, 3 vols. \$3. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
- Manners and Rules of Good Society. \$1. F. Warrs & Co.
- McKim, R. H. Christ and Modern Unbelief. \$1. T. Whittaker.
- McLaughlin, E. T. Literary Criticism for Students. \$1. H. Holt & Co.
- Panconati, H. S. Representative English Literature. \$1.60. H. Holt & Co.
- Plutarch's Life of Demosthenes. Ed. by H. A. Holden. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
- Pool, M. L. Katharine North. \$1.25. Harper & Bros.
- Rives, A. Athelwold. \$1.25. Harper & Bros.
- Roberts, R. D. The Earth's History. \$1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Shakespeare, W. As You Like It. Ed. by T. Page. 2s. London: Moffat & Paige.
- Stevens' Facsimiles of MSS. Vol. XVI. \$25. London: B. F. Stevens.
- Tamura, N. The Japanese Bride. 50c. Harper & Bros.
- Trego, B. T. The Sacrifice. Detroit: T. Smith Print. Co.
- Trenholm, W. L. The People's Money. \$1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Trumbull, H. C. The Blood Covenant. \$2. Phila.: J. D. Wastley.
- Vespucci, A., First Four Voyages of. 75c. London: B. Quaritch.
- Waller, B. C. Persens with the Hesperides. Macmillan & Co.
- Walpole, S. The Land of Home Rule. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 10. Compiled by C. B. Le Row. 35c. E. S. Werner.
- Wilkins, M. E. Giles Corey, Yeoman. 50c. Harper & Bros.

WE will send to any address in the United States or Canada any book noticed or advertised in The Critic on receipt of the publisher's price. THE CRITIC CO., 743 Broadway, New York.

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**FORTY-FIFTH  
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OF THE  
Penn Mutual Life  
INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF PHILADELPHIA.**

Net Assets, January 1, 1899 . . . . .	\$27,646,877 81
<b>Receipts during the year:</b>	
For Premiums and Annuities . . . . .	\$4,757,152 41
For Interest, etc. . . . .	980,585 14
	<b>5,746,757 55</b>
	<b>\$33,393,635 36</b>

**DISBURSEMENTS.**

Claims by Death . . . . .	\$1,156,863 00
Matured Endowments and Annuities . . . . .	101,988 48
Surrender'd Policies + Premium Abate-ments . . . . .	336,327 82
	739,187 72
<b>Total Paid Policy-Holders . . . . .</b>	<b>\$2,417,367 02</b>
<b>Added to Reserve 2,010,131 00</b>	
Taxes paid in Penn. States . . . . .	\$81,648 98
Salaries, Medical Fees, Office and Legal Expenses . . . . .	56,347 00
Commiss's to Ag'ts and Rents . . . . .	195,862 78
Agency and Other Expenses . . . . .	604,438 19
Advertising, Print- ing and Supplies . . . . .	199,647 66
Office furniture, etc. . . . .	35,742 20
	57,038 96
	<b>\$3,478,092 81</b>

Net Assets, Jan. 1, 1899	\$29,815,542 55
†Being sums allowed in reduction of collectible Premiums.	

**ASSETS.**

City Loans, Railroad and Water Bonds, Bank and other Stocks . . . . .	\$6,275,487 13
Mortgages and Ground Rents (first liens) . . . . .	9,154,877 05
Premium Notes secured by Pol- ices . . . . .	624,238 97
Loans on Collateral, Policy Loans, etc. . . . .	2,556,131 75
Home Office and Real Estate bought to secure Loans . . . . .	1,069,607 73
Cash in Banks, Trust Companies and on hand . . . . .	142,000 62
<b>Net Ledger Assets, as Above, Net Deferred and Unreported Pre- miums . . . . .</b>	<b>\$19,818,842 88</b>
Interest Due and Accrued, etc. . . . .	\$582,533 64
Market Value of Stocks and Bonds, over cost . . . . .	185,518 23
	225,097 87
<b>Gross Assets, January 1, 1899,</b>	<b>\$20,808,692 29</b>

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Surplus on Unre- ported Policies, etc. . . . .	146,643 48
Surplus, 4 per cent. basis . . . . .	2,623,648 81
	<b>\$20,808,692 29</b>

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